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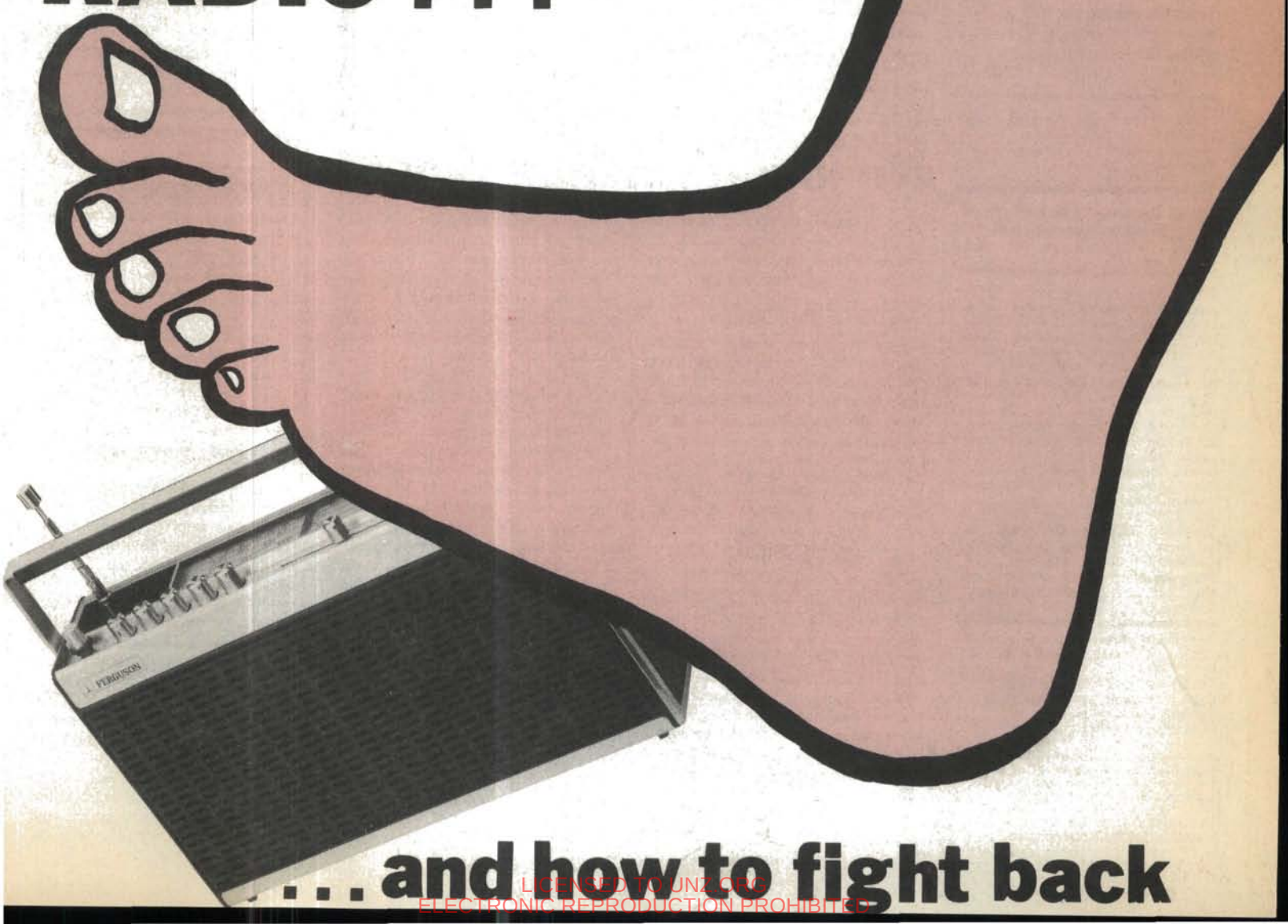
Mary Holland: Paisley's popular support

Harold Pinter's new play The Nazi criminal & royalty

Chapple's plan for the Labour Party

THE MULTINATIONAL ATTACK ON LOCAL RADIO . . .



. . . and how to fight back

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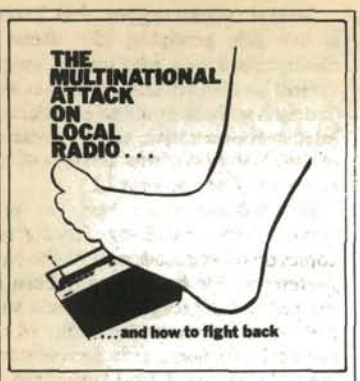
NEW STATESMAN Vol 101 No 2605 20 February 1981



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Sorry! Because of lack of space, there is no Arthur Marshall this week

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Extremism and the secret world

THE STORY which appears on the opposite page is not one which can give anyone pleasure — and certainly it is one which many people will wish to dismiss out of hand. They should pause before they do so.

It suggests that shortly before his death Mr Airey Neave MP was holding discussions with onetime agents of the security services, in which he and they envisaged the use of covert means to ensure that a particular politician, Mr Tony Benn, should never become Prime Minister.

It should be made clear at once that this is published in spite of strong objections from Mr Benn — who says that he does not believe it, and points out that it is bound to give distress to Mr Neave's family and friends.

Of the second point we are only too well aware. We do not find it agreeable to publish such things about anyone who cannot speak for himself — even less so in the case of someone like Airey Neave, who was himself the victim of a disgusting act of terrorism.

But as to the evidence, we can only say that we know the source and the circumstances better than Mr Benn does, and we don't think the matter should be ignored.

ANY COUNTRY which runs an intelligence service should face the fact that such services, and their operatives, can get out of control. All sorts of motives, from financial corruption to political idealism, may be involved. The result is always an appalling danger to law, and to democracy itself.

In a series of articles, the *New Statesman* has pointed out that Britain is a country where the security services are unusually powerful, and unusually protected from scrutiny. The roles and duties of the official services are poorly defined, and they are surrounded by a penumbra of half-official outfits, semi-private armies and many outright crooks and cowboys.

In many parts of this secret world, the politics of extreme right-wing paranoia are fostered and taken for granted. This perhaps does little harm in saloon-bars where red-faced men canvass the necessity of 'hanging' Arthur Scargill.

But when it happens among people of influence, and among those who have been used to the exercise of clandestine power, it can be something very different. Mr Airey Neave was a politician of very substantial influence indeed, and a close confidant and adviser of Mrs Thatcher's. He was known to take a strong interest in almost every aspect of national security. He had distinguished war service with military intelligence.

There is evidence, on the record, that during a hard-fought election campaign, Mr Neave discussed the possibilities of covert action in the event of that election producing results unacceptable to his strand of opinion. It is one thing to refute such evidence, if people believe they can do so. But it cannot be set aside because of our horror at the fate which overtook Mr Neave himself: the proper response is to renew the campaign for a senior Parliamentary examination of the activities of the intelligence community.

John Winward explains the crisis in coal

No long-term strategy

THE COAL BOARD's decision to delay its pit closure programme for the time being is welcome, but it still leaves unsolved the main problem: at a time of record productivity, demand is down and imports are rising.

This has compounded the medium term problem of a break-even target which is generally regarded as hopelessly unrealistic for an industry with a heavy investment programme, but is nevertheless putting pressure on the board to close loss-making pits. Behind the medium and short term problems lies a deeper problem: the inability of British governments to sensibly plan their energy requirements.

The *Plan for Coal* on which the NCB's expansion plans are based was published at the height of the energy crisis of 1973-74. It forecast total annual production increasing from 124 million tons in 71/72 to 150mt by the middle Eighties and to 170mt by the end of the century. It never made clear whether pits could be closed exclusively on economic grounds. According to this week's press report the NCB is now aiming for production in 1986 of 85 million tons.

The age structure of Britain's pits — most of them are a hundred years old — combined with the slowness with which the new super-pits are coming on, now makes *Plan for Coal* technically impossible. Equally important the collapse in demand means there is no need for so much coal so quickly unless the British government changes its energy pricing policy. With so much of the energy industry in public ownership the government could greatly reduce the uncertainty about Britain's future energy requirements.

In Germany, for example, the coal industry has recently signed an agreement with the electricity boards which guarantees their markets to the end of the century and gives explicit assurances on coal import levels and subsidies. The French government provides help for firms wishing to convert from oil to coal. In terms of the EEC Britain's coal industry gives little subsidy. Belgium gives £34.05 direct aid per tonne, France £17.96, Germany £14.85 and the UK just £1.62.

In a sense Britain's problem is that we have too much indigenous fuel reserves. If it were possible to take a more strategic view, as the Europeans do, many of our supposedly 'uncommercial' pits would become much more attractive. But for the moment the government and the nationalised industries have no intention of supporting each other in the market.

THE CEGB, which takes 70 per cent of the industry's output, has no long term commitment to coal beyond the present five year agreement. As the Electricity Council's medium term Development Plan states 'the final coal burn depends on electricity demand, the rate of development of nuclear plant and the price of coal with respect to oil'. The recent ordering of power stations does not show any loyalty to coal: whilst in Germany dual oil/coal stations have been ordered, over the same period in Britain over 7.5 Gigawatts of exclusively oil-fired capacity was ordered.

The more serious threat to coal generated electricity, however, comes from the nuclear programme. Relative costs of nuclear and fossil-fuel generation remain controversial but it is clear the CEGB favours nuclear. (This week's report from the House of Commons energy committee is markedly less enthusiastic.) The decisive factor is likely to be not the generating cost, but the net effective cost of building a new power station, taking into account the system savings which can be gained by running down an equivalent amount of low merit capacity.

Calculated in this way CEGB figures show additional nuclear power stations give a net saving of between £10 and £36 per KW per annum, while ▶

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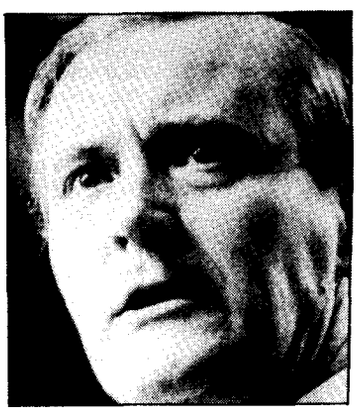
Duncan Campbell reports on the allegations of an anti-Labour 'army of resistance'

What did a Tory MP say in the Cumberland Hotel?

JUST BEFORE the 1979 election, the late Airey Neave, MP — one of Mrs Thatcher's closest allies — discussed with former security-service agents plans for an undercover 'army of resistance' in case of a Labour victory. These, according to Lee Tracey, an MI6 electronics experts of long experience, included the possibiliy of violent action if it seemed necessary to prevent Tony Benn becoming Prime Minister.

Tracey, who now runs his own electronics business in London, has been interviewed for next Monday's *Panorama* programme about the security services, furnishing a long account of his experiences with MI6. The programme is only being shown after considerable intervention — and cutting — by the BBC Director-General, Sir Ian Trethowan. But in Tracey's case, the effect of having talked at length for the cameras appears to have made him ready to discuss openly matters which previously would have been taboo.



Airey Neave feared Benn becoming premier

TRACEY'S ACCOUNT is that his introduction to Neave came through intelligence-world contacts sharing his own starkly anti-Communist views. 'I was phoned up by Neave. I'd never met him before. But I had a very high regard for his reputation.'

At the Cumberland Hotel, Neave discussed his fears that Labour might be re-elected, and that premature retirement by James Callaghan could leave the way clear for Benn to become Premier. Tracey was asked to consider whether he would join a team, consisting of various intelligence and security specialists, which would 'make sure Benn was stopped'. The conversation was brief, according to Tracey, but he is quite clear that violent means were a possibility.

Neave, who appeared familiar with Tracey's background, said that if the Tories were to be elected, he expected to become security overlord. He would then carry out a 'purge' of MI5 and the Metropolitan Police, because there were too many officials who, for various reasons, were unreliable. (One Deputy Assistant Commissioner was referred to by Neave as 'Crazy Horse', and singled out for attention.)

His own politics, says Tracey, are 'hard right', and the conversation was based on the assumption that there was a real danger of Britain being taken over by 'Communism'. He says that he agreed to a further meeting. But one week later, Neave himself was killed by a car-bomb planted at the House of Commons.

Several factors suggest that Tracey is not just gossiping idly about a distinguished man who can no longer defend his own reputation. One is that Tracey is without doubt an experienced intelligence operative, and a veteran of several MI6 operations. (Details of his career are given on page 12.)

His political views have not prevented him discussing intelligence topics on other occasions with the *New Statesman*. He has normally been as discreet as his background would suggest — but whatever the oddity of his political judgments, firm factual statements he has made have turned out to be correct when checked against other sources. He does not appear to be a mere fantasist.

Furthermore, the fact that Mr Neave had conducted meetings of this sort just before his death was known to us in detail at the time, and has since been confirmed by another former security agent. In the immediate aftermath of the assassination, there was nothing we could or would have done to investigate further.

But Tracey's involvement with the *Panorama* programme, and his willingness to discuss the matter attributably, creates a new situation. To put the matter no higher, a man who has been frequently employed on Government intelligence work claims to have had a highly-dangerous conversation with a senior politician during the course of a general election. Ugly as the matter inevitably is, it would be difficult to argue that Tracey's evidence should be suppressed. □

▶ coal-fired stations give a net loss of between £15 and £27 per KW per annum. These net savings in the words of the CEGB are 'not closely dependent on the future growth of electricity demand'. In other words they hold good regardless of what happens to demand. Electricity demand for coal should decline on this basis by about 5mt per year by 1986.

Other coal markets are also uncertain. Detailed government plans do not show any significant increase in feedstock coal until 2010. The current recession is not encouraging managers in industry to convert from oil to coal. The heavy industries traditionally reliant on coal, like steel, are disappearing rapidly while persistent reports circulate that the financially pressed nationalised industries are so keen to get cheap open cast foreign coal that they are prepared to construct a deep sea port to give the trade a greater boost. □

Adrian Ham on Howe's duff forecasting

Did I really say that?

SIR GEOFFREY HOWE'S mild manner and lack of presence are his greatest political assets. His speeches are easy to sleep through and even easier to forget. So it is natural that few should bother to find out whether things he has said in the past proved right or wrong. He is, however, a key figure in the most vicious deflation post-war Britain has experienced, the time has come to set his statements against the record.

In June 1979, the Treasury forecast that manufacturing output would decline by 2½ per cent between the first half of 1979 and the first half of 1980. Howe told MPs he was sceptical about such pessimism:

> The conventional forecasting arithmetic . . . does suggest that the economy will show no growth in the period immediately ahead. But this prospect, in so far as it can be viewed as a reliable prediction — which itself is open to doubt — cannot be taken to mean that the Budget is, in the traditional language of neo-Keynesian economists, perversely contractionary.

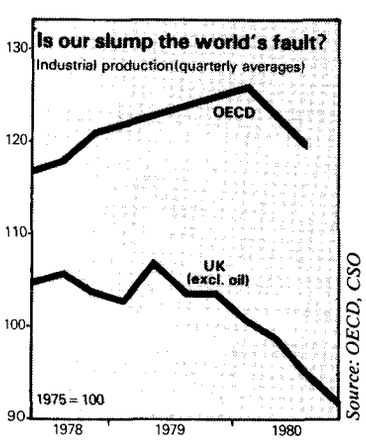
In fact the Treasury's forecast was not pessimistic enough: manufacturing output actually fell by 6 per cent over the period.

In his March 1980 Budget speech, Howe was obliged to spare rather more words for the collapsing real economy.

> It is important to understand the significance of this recession . . . It is, in part, a consequence of the weakness in world demand, in part a consequence of our own inflation — still well in excess of the money supply target — and in part, perhaps most of all, a consequence of the long-run decline of our economy.

To take the last point first: Howe failed to explain how the 'long run decline of the economy' could square with figures that showed a slow but steady upward trend in industrial production being suddenly transformed into a violent decline. The eight per cent decline in 1980 was the same as the decline in 1930 and 1931 *taken together*.

The straw that ministers most consistently and eagerly clutch at, however, is the Great World Recession Excuse. The chart shows this to be phoney. Yes, industrial output of the OECD member states (broadly the major western economies) is falling: but the decline started a year *after* Britain entered recession; and Britain's decline has been much more spectacular than in other countries.



The truth of the matter is that until the middle of last year, output among our major competitors was buoyant — while our output was sliding fast.

In November 1976, when he was attaking the Labour government, Howe said:

> Where is the sense in imposing taxes that will put tens of thousands of engineers, process workers and people in the private productive sector out of work for the sake of keeping tens of thousands of clerks, civil servants and bureaucrats still at their desks?

It is now quite evident that the tears he shed for the private manufacturing sector were false. And the hundreds of bureaucrats who spend their time circulating Howe's excuses will be reassured by his greater need for their services.

Adrian Ham was special adviser to Denis Healey from 1974 to 1976. □

Michael Coren on football's biggest problem

Recruiting on the terraces

LAST WEEK the Football Association decided to set up a committee to look into racism in British football. And not before time: the open activity and recruitment of the extreme right at matches is one of football's biggest problems at the moment.

For example, at Christmas following the Luton v Chelsea game a Moslem religious and cultural centre in Luton was stoned and its denizens abused for 25 minutes until the police arrived. At the 'shed' end of Chelsea's Stamford Bridge ground a banner bearing the symbol of the SS appears at every home game. Following proposals to rebuild the 'shed' the Chelsea branch of the National Front has circulated a leaflet at the ground entitled 'Leave our Shed alone'. Among its 'demands' are that 'the interests of Loyal Chelsea fans are put before those of rich Jewish property speculators' and that 'the running of the team should be left to footballers and not businessmen who are interested in profit.'

At Arsenal's Highbury ground the British Movement occupies a section of the stands and has recently sold 'I

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hate Tottenham Yids' badges. In fact, despite its geographical position and history Tottenham probably has no greater a Jewish following than Arsenal or West Ham, where the National Front have organised WHAM — West Ham Against the Marxists. But the myth is needed for the NF and the British Movement recruiting campaign. Because of the high emotions and strong loyalty created, football stadiums are fecund areas for racist groups. Most stadiums in London are now adorned with slogans such as 'Yids will die', or 'We killed more Yids than Hitler.'

At a recent West Ham v Spurs League Cup game there was a minor race riot. The West and South Bank of the Upton Park ground contained gangs of skinheads wearing Nazi regalia, some with SS tattoos, screaming 'Sieg Heil' in unison. Though the police denied there was any racialism or violence, after the match the West Ham authorities banned the wearing of any political badge or symbol. They were unable to prosecute the NF for selling 'West Ham National Front' T-shirts outside the ground because the word 'United' was not used, and so copyright was not infringed.

THE CENTRE for Contemporary Studies has analysed the problem of rightist infiltration into soccer grounds and recently produced a pamphlet 'Football and the Fascists', which named Nottingham Forest, Millwall, Chelsea, Arsenal, Spurs and West Ham as the clubs with the worst situation. The Centre felt that the clubs' administrators must come out of their 'world of cups and turnstiles, £1 million players and championships' and footballers must become more active in the anti-racist campaign.

Vince Hillaire, the black Crystal Palace player, thinks that much racist chanting in the past was 'just to try and put us off our game' but is sure that some action should be taken now: 'I think we should ban the SS and Nazi badges which are worn. If we could show some of these degenerates the disabled people who got their wounds fighting fascism they may change their minds.' □

Crispin Aubrey on the St Paul's 'riot' trial

Conflicting evidence

A UNIQUE feature of the St Paul's 'riot' trial, now into its third week at Bristol Crown Court, it is the jury. Eight out of its 12 members are women, and four are black. This unusual balance was achieved only because the 12 defendants were able to use up nearly all their challenges as the jurors were selected. By contrast, a survey of nine juries at the same court during the previous week revealed them to be all white, with a preponderance of men. The trial is expected to last another six weeks. All the defendants have pleaded not guilty to charges of 'riotous assembly'. One woman has also denied a charge of malicious wounding.

So far, the court has heard a succession of over 40 police officers give evidence as to what happened in the St Paul's area on the night of 2 April 1980. Almost invariably they have said that the raid on the Black and White cafe, which started the disturbance, was a routine affair that sparked off an unexpected outburst from the local population. During the night, police cars were overturned and burned, a bank set on fire, shops looted and a large number of policemen injured.

In fact, according to the evidence, the original raid (one of a number over the years) involved a total of 39 police, including units from the drugs, vice and stolen goods squads with members of a special task force in support. After over an hour inside, their haul was a pile of crates of illegal drink, some cannabis and two arrests. Superintendant Vincent Arkell, who led the raid, said it had been planned ten days in advance and that a special briefing had been given. He had not consulted the city's police community relations officer and agreed that it was the local beat policeman's day off. However, he considered that relations between the West Indian community and the police 'had never been better', and could offer no explanation as to why violence had erupted.

Faced with the later public statement by the Avon and Somerset Chief Constable that with hindsight he would have acted differently, other officers have continued to defend their action. One said that he would do the same thing again, another that he had never seen any need for special training in dealing with black people.

THE DEFENCE line-up of 17 barristers, led most persistently by Rudi Narayan, has continually underlined the fact that very few of the police made notes immediately after the events in question, as is normal practice. One constable said he had made none at all, because he didn't consider it necessary, though he later made a statement. Sergeant Terence Crees, who gave evidence against one of the accused, Franklyn Rapier, said he didn't complete his notes until four days later, and after Rapier had been arrested. Narayan suggested that this was because by that time he had discussed the events and 'had to write a script of the police line'. Crees responded that 'it was nothing like that at all'.

Though the local press has been full of dramatic headlines — 'Police Quit As Riot's Storm Raged' (*Western Daily Press*), 'Trial Told Of Violence Orgy' (*Bristol Evening Post*) — the atmosphere in court has been calm but tense. The judge, Mr Justice Stocker, has allowed the defendants to wear hats and has not disturbed them when they occasionally fall asleep.

It is obviously clear from what has been said so far that the crowd in St Paul's last April was angry and violent. The defence has suggested that this was because the police over-reacted. But to prove the charges of 'riotous assembly', the prosecution still has to show that a number of the defendants combined together to achieve a common purpose that would 'lead people to be in terror'. That common purpose, it alleges, was a show of force against the police. If the defendants are found guilty, the maximum sentence is life imprisonment. □

Barry Wilson reveals some farming practices

The mystery of the red mole

DOES the Thatcher Government believe seriously in free competition? If so, it ought to have a look at the farm-machinery market down in the deep south-west.

Mole Valley Farmers is a rapidly-growing co-op based at South Molton in Devon, and supplying goods and equipment to around 9,200 farmer members in Devon, Somerset, Cornwall, Dorset, Wiltshire and Hampshire. Mole Valley's turnover (now around £16 million) will soon make it one of Britain's ten biggest co-ops.

This rapid growth has been procured by an aggressive pricing policy, and 18 months ago Mole Valley was forced out of ACMS, the association of farm co-ops which is dominated by the National Farmers' Union.

Now, through the arcane subject of flat water-ballastable rollers, it is in dispute with private enteprise. These devices are made exclusively (in Britain) by Grays of Fetterangus, in Scotland. Last year, Mole Valley sold several to its members at very cut prices indeed, and local farm machinery dealers were very unhappy.

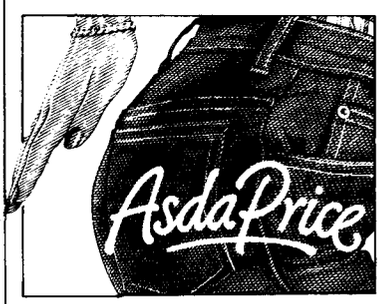
ON 18 DECEMBER last year Mole Valley's managing director John James telephoned Duncan Forbes of Grays to inquire about the progress of a new, increased order for rollers. James says: 'Forbes told me he had a letter from a number of farm machinery dealers in the south-west, stating they would not buy any more machinery made by Grays unless Grays ceased supplying Mole Valley Farmers'.

On 24 December Forbes told James by phone that a board decision had been made, and Grays had no alternative but to 'give way to trade pressure'. James asked whether it might be possible to obtain supplies via a 'friendly dealer', but it turned out that the firm he had in mind was a signatory of the letter to Grays. All the signatories, Forbes said were members of BAGMA, the farm-machinery dealers' trade association.

BAGMA's director-general, Jonathan Swift, says he would be 'horrified' to hear that his members had gone so far as to make a concerted approach of the sort alleged, although 'maybe the dealers feel very strongly.'

In their latest members' bulletin, Mole Valley are announcing that they have another source of supply for water-ballastable rollers, and will be selling them at a discount of 32½ per cent — nearly 10 per cent less than last year. They are being understandably coy about their source.

Grays' rollers sold in Britain are yellow, but they export a red model. Mole Valley's new rollers are red, and carry no makers' label. Duncan Forbes of Grays confirms that his firm is no longer supplying Mole Valley, and added: 'I can't say why not. In fact, I have absolutely no comment.' □



Life in the superstore

NEWSPAPER readers throughout the country have seen the picture above on adverts for the Asda store group — 77 stores and annual sales of over £1 billion. Clearly, jeans are a smart thing to wear. Unless, that is, you work for Asda. Paragraph 14 of the company's Dress Regulations reads:

> The Company has laid down a descretionary (sic) code of practice; controlled by the general/store manager on the wearing of trousers by female staff. Female staff are allowed to wear trousers of a sober colour and fashion. Jeans are not to be worn.

Nor, it may be added are the following to be worn: skirts which show below the hemline of the overall (rule 3); cardigans over the top of overalls (rule 6); badges and brooches, other than those designated by the company (rule 7). And if your overalls are lost or damaged, you must reimburse the company in cash (rule 12). Asda's annual profits: around £50 million. □

Mick Hamer on the next move to conscription

Learn carpentry in a uniform

THE GOVERNMENT is firmly committed to providing a 'military option' as part of its youth opportunities programme (YOP). Employment secretary Jim Prior will soon ask the Manpower Services Commission to include uniformed military training for a six-month period as one of the options under the YOP. The commission is expected to turn down Prior's request, but Prior and the Ministry of Defence will go ahead with the scheme anyway, and so take resources away from YOP.

Last year the Department of Employment wrote to all other government departments asking for help with its plan to increase the target of YOP, which has suffered through lack of sponsors, from 240,000 persons to 440,000. The Ministry of Defence came back with a plan to give uniformed training in the forces as a YOP option. The ministry does already provide placements under YOP — but these are non-uniform posts such as clerks. Youth workers believe that a uniformed option will substitute vocational training which the services could do — in skills like carpentry — with square bashing. □

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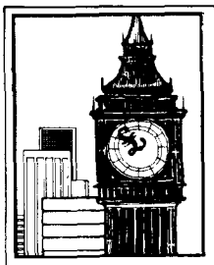

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Shirley Williams's debt to a communist

IN THE NORMAL course of events the inner workings of the Fabian Society do not cause the pulse, even the paid-up socialist pulse, to quicken. These days, however, there is more than usual cause for outsiders to take an interest in a knotty problem from which the Fabians are ever so discreetly trying to untangle themselves.

A glance through the recent Gang of 104 advertisement in the *Guardian* gives a clue to what's afoot. Apart from William Rodgers (Fabian General Secretary from 1953 to 60) and Shirley Williams (1960 to 64; and current Fabian chairman), supporters of the Limehouse Declaration include John Roper MP (Fabian treasurer from 1976 to date), Norman MacKenzie (Fabian historian), David Sainsbury (author of the Fabians' most recent pamphlet) and David's uncle Lord Sainsbury (occasional Fabian benefactor). If they all left the Fabians, and took like-minded people with them, the Society would find itself in dire political and financial trouble.

On the other hand if they stay members of the Fabians, alongside mainstream and left-wing Labour Party people like Peter Townsend, Phillip Whitehead and Tony Benn (for whom, as for many others, the Fabians provided a springboard into national Labour politics), is it just possible that the Fabians could provide a continuing forum for occupants of the left-of-centre ground in British politics to continue meeting?

The present position is this. Shirley Williams has been chairman of the Fabians since last November, following the Society's annual general meeting. (If you think she should be called chairperson, incidentally, take it up with her, not me.) In the way the Fabians do these things, she was not elected: it was her turn. Also last November John Roper was re-elected treasurer for the fourth time.

After the Labour Party's Wembley Conference and the subsequent slide towards a breakaway by the social democrats, it quickly became clear that Williams and Roper could find themselves in the impossible position of being two of the chief officers of an organisation affiliated to the Labour Party — which the Fabians always have been —while simultaneously setting up a new rival party.

At the Fabians' last executive meeting two weeks ago Williams and Roper lodged a joint letter offering to resign their posts if they did leave Labour. The executive noted the letter and agreed that while they do remain Labour Party members they should continue to hold their Fabian offices.

It is a delicate situation which no-one involved has been eager to publicise. But one possible outcome is that both Williams and Roper will remain full Fabian members even after they have set up their new party. Under the society's rules, and following an internecine battle 40 years ago, it is clear that they could do so. If they follow the precedent then established, they will have a communist to thank for their opportunity.

Rule two of the Fabian Society says that 'the Society consists of socialists. It therefore aims at the establishment of a society in which equality of opportunity will be assured and the economic power and privileges of individuals and classes abolished through the collective ownership and democratic control of the economic resources of the community.'

The important point about that rule is not its echo of the Labour Party's clause four, but the fact that socialism is defined in terms of an idea rather than an institution. It was an idea that appealed, among others, to the communist, Ivor Montagu.

In the spring of 1940, following a reorganisation of the Fabians, the society's general secretary decided that only people eligible for membership of the Labour Party could be full Fabian members. Montagu, as a communist, was clearly ineligible, and instead was given 'associate' membership — without voting rights.

When Montagu failed to receive that year's voting papers for the society's executive, he complained vehemently, supported by Bernard Shaw, Beatrice Webb and Leonard Woolf. The executive compromised. It decided not to withdraw full membership from Montagu, or from seven others who were in a similar position. However, it decided not to accept *new* membership applications from people ineligible for Labour Party membership.

As Margaret Cole revealed in her book, *The Story of Fabian Socialism* (Heinemann, 1961), this decision was not made public or put to the full Fabian membership. Not until 1946, when Montagu decided to stand for office, was a ballot held to change the rules — and the only change concerned rule nine, concerning membership *of the executive.*

In other words, the Fabians reconstructed their rules to prevent Montagu running for the executive — while not expelling him from ordinary membership.

That position holds today: thanks to Montagu's battle, Williams, Roper and other social democrats could remain Fabians, even if they set up a rival party, as long as they continue to describe themselves in some form as 'socialists'.

That is what most leading Fabians hope will happen under Williams's successor as chairman — David Lipsey, of the political staff of the *Sunday Times*. The metaphor that springs to a number of lips is that of a bridge between Labour's stayers and leavers. But then, as Jan Masaryk once said, 'that's how they describe Czechoslovakia. The trouble with bridges is that in peacetime the horses crap all over them — and when war comes they're the first things to get blown up.' □

WHICH SOCIETY HAS
TONY BENN
AND
SHIRLEY WILLIAMS
AS ACTIVE MEMBERS?

THE FABIANS

Why don't you join us too ?

Diane Hayter, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street

For how much longer?

Labour left's two-way battle to take London

THE FIRST BIG test of post-Limehouse politics will come in ten weeks time, with May's local elections. The Greater London Council battle will be well worth watching, not chiefly because of its effects on Londoners (which will be fairly minimal, apart from a 25 per cent cut in London Transport fares if Labour wins), but because of its impact on national politics.

Alone among Britain's local councillors, GLC councillors represent constituencies identical to those that elect MPs to the House of Commons. The election for the GLC's 92 seats is, therefore, rather like holding 92 Westminster by-elections on the same day: it is possible to compare directly each party's performance with the May 1979 general election. Then the GLC constituencies elected 50 Conservative and 42 Labour MPs.

A swing of just over two per cent to Labour since then would give it 47 seats, and control of the GLC; but Labour really needs to capture 54 seats — requiring a swing of five per cent — to demonstrate the support that could unseat the Tories nationally.

One uncertain factor is whether any social democrats will fight. One of them, Jim Daly, is itching to contest Paddington. Daly was a Labour GLC councillor until 1977, and chaired the transport committee. Up to five other seats may be contested by social democrats, including Hayes and Harlington, where Neville Sanderson is the MP.

In the event these seats are not contested, the social democrats will risk the charge of funking their first challenge. If, on the other hand, they do fight, then they risk obtaining a derisory vote: they will probably be too late to persuade local Liberal candidates to stand down, and they will have precious little time to knit together local organisations capable of mobilising voters. (Local, more than national, elections depend on whose organisation can most effectively dent the apathy of voters and get them to the polling stations.)

But even a ten per cent vote for the social democrats in Paddington could have its effect. There the Labour candidate is Ken Livingstone. In May 1979 Paddington was London's most marginal seat: the Conservatives won it with a majority of 106.

In normal circumstances Livingstone should win Paddington in the GLC elections. But if Daly stands, the circumstances won't be normal. For Livingstone is a left-winger who intends challenging the present right-wing leader of the GLC's Labour group, Andrew McIntosh. Daly's intervention might syphon off enough Centre-Left votes to keep Paddington in Conservative hands — leaving McIntosh secure.

But if Livingstone does win in Paddington, then the chances are that he will unhorse McIntosh for in most winnable seats local Labour parties have chosen left-wing candidates. The finale to the Livingstone-McIntosh contest will take place at 9am on Friday 8 May, the morning after the GLC election.

The more important battle, of course, is to beat the Tories. As their GLC leader, Horace Cutler, says in his foreword to the Conservative campaign guide, 'In many ways we have achieved in London during the last four years much of what the present Government . . . is now achieving throughout the country as a whole.' I couldn't put it better myself. □

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Fighting pop, prattle and profits

So far there have only been two serious attempts to challenge the pop and prattle which monopolizes Britain's highly profitable commercial local radio. JONATHAN COE and SIMON BLANCHARD describe here for the first time these struggles, in Cardiff and Inverness, and their successes and defeats at the mercy of multinationals, the Independent Broadcasting Authority and merchant banks.

IN DECEMBER 1978 representatives of a number of South Wales social, welfare and cultural organisations decided that the Independent Broadcasing Authority should be put to the test. As the IBA handed out the franchises to operate local commercial broadcasting they had come under repeated pressure to encourage different forms of ownership and control of the

stations, other than private companies run exclusively for profit. In 1977 they declared they were

> well-disposed towards participation in independent (commercial) local radio by trust and non profit distributing organisations.

So those meeting in Cardiff decided to set up the Cardiff Broadcasting Company to compete for the franchise. They planned a station which provided programming in the public service; was available to the community as a communications resource; was legally controlled by its listeners and which reinvested its profits to further these aims.

A public meeting early in the new year was attended by three hundred people, who expressed enthusiastic support for such principles. Hundreds of organisations in Cardiff and the valleys provided ideas and encouragement for the project. In this sense the station can be called a 'community' radio station.

But almost immediately some of these principles had to be compromised. The IBA allows three months between announcing the award of a franchise and the closing date for applications. This is a major problem for organisations such as Cardiff and its Scottish counterpart Moray Firth Radio: it provides insufficient time to work out alternative company structures, trust and co-operative arrangements.

This time constraint is not important for conventional consortia: many such companies are already in existence, just waiting for the IBA announcement. They are organised into a pressure group for commercial radio — the Local Radio Association — which meets regularly with the IBA and the Home Office to discuss application procedures.

So CBC had to adapt its constitution so that investors could receive a return on their money. These investors — mainly local businesses — were represented on the board by six 'A', or financial, directors. The Cardiff Radio Trust — the elected 20 strong body which was the mechanism of community accountability — also had six directors. On the insistence of the IBA the board was to be chaired by an 'A' director, who also had a casting vote — never so far used.

CARDIFF BROADCASTING went on the air last April. The Trust and its 'B' directors, who provided most of the organising initiative and energy, met an immediate and critical problem. Their plans for the station, in the words of their franchise application, aimed 'to turn upside down the relationship between the broadcasting company and its listeners'. This involved the station being 'strongly speech orientated'. But almost all their staff inevitably brought with them the attitudes and experience of existing commercial radio output. This can be summed up as: massive reliance at peak times on the top 40 records; programmes 'presented' by 'personalities'; speech programming concentrated after 6.00 p.m. and news packaged in three minute segments.

This format is a universal feature of commercial radio worldwide, designed to increase 'hourage' — the maximum number of listeners for the longest time. The aim is to deliver the audience to the advertiser. In fighting this inflexible and repetitious philosophy the Trust had to struggle for the space in which their ideas of a genuine dialogue and involvement with people in Cardiff could live and breathe.

The problems can be well illustrated by difficulties over one of their most important programme ideas, Action Desk. This aimed to break away from the traditional concept of 'mass audience' programming, in which the radio station chose what it said and when it said it to an audience which could not respond. CBC wanted Action Desk to be a continuous feature of daily broadcasting which received, investigated and publicised any and every problem encountered by their listeners.

But it was unclear how this could be achieved in radio terms. Its main input was speech items but the station could not provide either the time or resources needed to research material in detail; conventional staffing levels of radio stations were far too low. No models existed for the forms in which such material could be broadcast, so Action Desk workers, along with the rest of the station, were having to find their feet on the air. Inevitably, the result was, at times, chaotic and not at all like the supposedly 'smooth' and 'professional' sound of other commercial stations.

THE TRUST's confidence was badly shaken by this experience — and by the public reaction to the programmes. In addition, the station was coming under attack from conventional stations, from the advertising agencies (who did not understand the 'product') and from the BBC, which saw Cardiff as just another commercial enemy dressed up in 'democratic and accountable' clothing.

In an event of some symbolism, all these opponents combined at the Edinburgh International Radio Festival last August. When CBC's co-chairperson Jane Hutt tried to explain the station's system of democratic control at a public meeting, she was ridiculed and shouted down by a senior BBC executive, supported by men from commercial stations and the advertising agencies. The editor of the *Listener,* chairing the discussion, remarked that Cardiff sounded a 'disaster'.

Of course, the Trust expected public criticism, but the CBC board was also under pressure from the advertising department which said the station's 'image' was too difficult to sell. Directors were circulated with alarming reports of how the overdraft was being consumed, possible bankruptcy dates were being predicted. The audience figures showed the sta-

A standard guide to broadcasting

Standard Broadcasting Corporation is part of Argus, a $4 billion Canadian industrial empire. Standard owns and operates radio stations in Toronto and Montreal, and a television station in Ottawa. It sells advertising time on these and 18 other radio and TV stations. It provides a networked news service to its stations and 55 other Canadian outlets, syndicates entertainment programmes and manages an easy listening music service called the Canadian Talent Library. Another subsidiary operates the Musak franchise in Quebec.

In Britain Standard Broadcasting sells air time for nine radio stations, in most of which it also owns shares. Most important is its 29 per cent stake in Capital Radio — a major contributor to Standard's improved British profits last year. It also has shares in Moray Firth Radio, Radio City (Liverpool), Metro Radio (Newcastle), Plymouth Sound, Pennine Radio (Bradford), Radio Trent (Nottingham), Swansea Sound, Devon Air (Exeter), Severn Sound (Gloucestershire), Chiltern Radio (Bedfordshire) and Centre Radio (Leicestershire).

Encouraged by the success of their British venture Standard moved into Italy, following deregulation of broadcasting there. In partnership with one of the owners of *La Republica* and *L'Expresso* it has a 60 per cent stake in a radio sales company which sells airtime for 134 of Italy's leading stations and is planning to open a station of its own in Milan shortly. It has also considered a satellite system to network its programme material to various stations throughout Europe.

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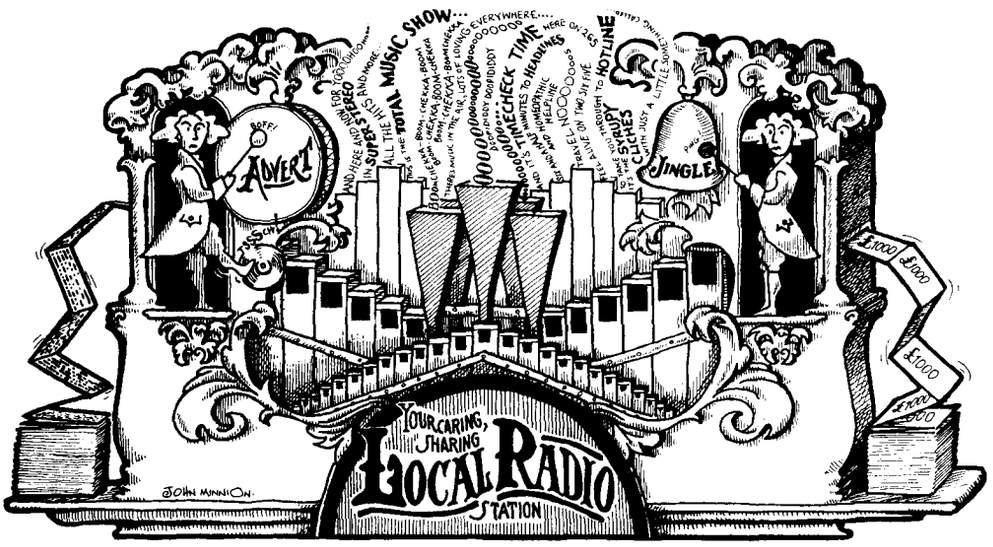

tion had the lowest audience figures of any commercial station.

In retrospect it seems hard to argue that the company faced a crisis last autumn. The accounts for the company's first eighteen months of trading to the end of September, for example, show pre-launch spending and a loss in line with that estimated in the prospectus. But at the time, with everyone unhappy — for different reasons — with the station's performance, an atmosphere of sustained panic prevailed.

In the absence of this, it could have been pointed out that the listening figures in Cardiff were very high, but there had been technical problems with one of the station's transmitters and with its cosmopolitan image in the valleys. But the Trust, and its directors, lacked the experience and business knowledge to challenge the gloom.

They willingly turned to the National Broadcasting School, which had spent some time at the station on a routine training visit earlier in the year. With the support of the IBA the NBS was invited back.

The NBS is owned by Capital Radio, the London based pop music station, effectively controlled by Standard Broadcasting of Canada. Capital finance the school from profits which they are allowed by the IBA to retain instead of paying the money in rental.[1] The NBS is entirely committed to radio stations constructed around pop music. As the school's principal, Michael Bukht, described pop music:

> Its success lies in the fact that it speaks to people in a way other art forms did in the past — in the way Tennyson did to the Victorians. To disregard this is to have contempt for people and their feelings and contempt for them as citizens as part of a democracy.

In January the NBS completely rescheduled the CBC. Strict play lists were introduced — every second of transmission time was allocated a slot, a process called 'formatting'. The argument went: 'community' broadcasting had been a failure, the new schedules introduced commercial radio and would save the station. 'Professionalism' became the key word — all the original aims of the station could be achieved, promised Bukht, by the application of expertise and management.

NBS's work has restored the confidence of the station's presenters, though at the price of them being forced to work a 6 day week. But it has also made the Trust confront the reality of conventional private sector radio, which before they had only criticised on paper. Only a week or so ago the Trust's coordinator Simon White circulated a document itemising the way in which the station's performance fell short of the promises in the franchise application. In particular he mentioned promises to be 'strongly speech orientated', not to use a play list, to provide 14 hours of Welsh language broadcasting, to 'involve the listeners in public debate', to provide the community with access to the station and to give special attention to education, arts and children's programmes.

So, already, the original ideals are trying to fight back. This can be done because the board structure remains unaltered. In Scotland, the narrow commercial interests have struck before the station goes on the air, and thus with even greater effect.

MORAY FIRTH Community Radio, based in Inverness, was awarded the franchise in December 1979. In many ways it got it by default. The IBA had originally intended to award the franchise to a consortium that would operate a radio station twinned with Aberdeen. Great opposition was expressed to this idea at IBA meetings held in both cities and the IBA abandoned the idea of twinning. However, only one of the four consortia that applied for the Moray Firth franchise was interested in Inverness alone and this was Moray Firth Community Radio Association.

The association then went about the job of converting promises of financial backing into cash in the bank. It set up a company in which the Association would hold 'B' shares and have five directors and outside business people would hold 'A' shares, and also have five directors.

The aim was to attract other local investors and so the Association went along to the Bank of Scotland — the biggest in the city — for help. Their merchant banking offshoot, the British Linen Bank, was given the job of raising £250,000 to get the station started. One of their directors — Nigel Suess — was put in charge.

Up to this time all the business of the Association had been conducted in public. From this point on confidentiality was stressed and members of the Association found they were expected to defer the whole time to professional advisers. Their proposals for raising money and developing the company were often met by a remark from the accountant Hamish Bauchop 'We'll all end up in jail'.

The Association was unhappy with the way British Linen Bank intended to raise the money by issuing a public prospectus. Applications for shares would only be open for a week — not long given the unusual nature of the venture and the geography of the Highlands.

The prospectus itself made gloomy reading. British Linen had had no experience of raising money for radio stations nor, indeed — in common with the rest of the banking system — much more with other sorts of venture capital. The prospectus contained no general account of commercial broadcasting in the British Isles — which has, in many instances, been very profitable.

In addition, the prospectus drew attention to six 'significant' risks involved in the venture. To anyone with no knowldge of how commercial broadcasting operated in Britain these could have made awesome reading. For example, attention was drawn to the fact that the contract would end in December 1981, with 'no assurance' that it would be renewed. But — as the prospectus mentioned but did not explain — this was because the IBA's legal life ran out then: it was beyond reasonable doubt that Parliament would extend this. Second, attention was drawn to the IBA's offer of the franchise being 'subject to contract.' Again, standard procedure.

Contd on p.13

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[1]Following the account in the *NS* (6 June 1980) of the uses made of 'secondary rental' the IBA has announced that this method of funding will soon end. The NBS will then have to pay its way.

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THE COLLECTOR: Part 2

Genocide and the 'defence of law'

Beginning 'The collector' last week, REUBEN AINSZTEIN told how Pieter Menten, a Dutch businessman, enriched himself as a member of Hitler's SS: and how he organised a series of murders in Poland before riding back to Holland in 1943 with his wife and mistress aboard a train-load of loot. This week begins the story of how Menten for 35 years defended his status as a respected member of a civilised Western community.

ONLY SHORTLY after Pieter Menten's 1943 homecoming, he was escort to Goering — 'the greatest robber of all time', said Hitler — on a foray among Amsterdam's art galleries.

But 1944 brought forth a still more variable, if less colourful Nazi contact: Karl Eberhard Schoengarth, Menten's old Cracow boss, became head of SS security in Holland. And from this connection stemmed an especially remarkable success of Menten's long, comfortable post-war career: the unchallenged deceit in which he presented himself as a member of the Shell dynasty.

Jacob Hubertus Menten, co-founder of Shell — and no relation to Pieter — had three sons. Hubert became a Berlin art-dealer. Emiele and Otto became bankers in The Hague, and helped finance an anti-German spying network. They were caught, but their lives were saved when Hubert arranged intercession by their well-connected namesake Pieter*. What arguments he used with Schoengarth remain unknown, for the Mentens refuse to talk.

This unresolved mystery touches many of the complexities of the society which so long protected, and finally condemned, the Nazi super-criminal. Holland was from the start — is more than ever now — one of the essential territories of European liberalism and radical democracy. In no other Nazi-held country did the Catholic clergy forbid all participation in the war against the Jews. In Amsterdam, the Dokwerker statue commemorates something unique: the 1941 strike, led by the dockers, in which Dutch industrial workers tried consciously to protect their nation's ancient Jewish community.

Yet Holland was also closest of all the occupied West to joining the 'Aryan' cause. Against 8,000 French volunteers for the Wehrmacht and the SS, it provided some 25,000: and today, with anti-Semitism making unlovely new progress in the USSR and in the West, the arithmetic of collaboration in one of the heartlands of civic decency constitutes a disturbing memory. There were about 140,000 Jews in Holland when the Germans invaded, and only one-seventh of that number survived to the end of the war.

Out of 60,000 in Belgium not far from half survived, owing much to Walloon stubbornness. In Belgium, when potential victims were ordered to have JEW stamped on their identity cards, the authorities first sabotaged the process, and afterwards retained a card which was not difficult to forge. In Holland a zealous official — not even a Nazi — invented a card which was almost unforgeable because its complex printing contained a pattern which remained invisible except under a quartz lamp's light.

*Pieter Menten's real origins were explained in last week's *NS*.

Camera Press

Hitler shakes hands with Goering (right), who was escorted by Menten around Amsterdam's art galleries.

AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND the ease of Menten's first escape from justice becomes possible to understand. At the liberation of Holland he was interned along with 150,000 other collaborators, and his house was invaded by Dutch resistance men who discovered pictures of him wearing German uniform in Cracow. Prince Bernhard, an acquaintance of several years' standing, wrote a letter on Menten's behalf, as a result of which he was released and went into hiding.

When Menten emerged two years later, the severity of the anti-collaboration laws had been blunted by the obvious difficulty of punishing every 70th citizen. Still, Menten's friendship with Schoengarth and the story of his arrival from the east with a trainful of loot were enough to start the judicial machinery. An investigation was begun — to their subsequent regret — by Justice Rohling and Commissioner Van Ijzendoorn.

The British had arrested Schoengarth, and produced him for interrogation. But as Rohling knew nothing of the part he and Menten had played in the East European work of the *Einsatzgruppen* (death squads) no questions were addressed to the matter.

Schoengarth did confirm that Menten had been an SS sergeant-major, and by way of evidence signed three photographs (all of which vanished a few years later from the file). But the British hanged Schoengarth in 1946 for the murder of an RAF man: as they did not wait for the *Einsatzgruppen* trials in Nuremberg, Menten was able to conceal the true nature of his record, as well as keep all of the loot that he and his old chief had collected together. (He paid for the education of Schoengarth's daughter.)

But evidence about the loot itself was independently available. In a wartime effort to discover what national treasures were vanishing, the Polish underground penetrated Menten's Cracow house. The agent involved was Marian Gutnajer — whose father, a famous Warsaw art-dealer, died in the ghetto. He was able to survive himself, under the name of 'Jerzy Bialaszewski', due to his 'Aryan' appearance.

'Bialaszewski' introduced himself to Menten as a dealer working for German buyers, and once inside the house identified several pictures from his father's collection. After the war, in New York, Gutnajer told the story to a Pole who had been a client of his father's: this man, travelling to Holland in 1946, communicated the facts to the Dutch authorities, and was allowed to inspect Menten's villa, from which he removed several items of his own property.

Also, in May 1947 the Dutch received a list of works of art deposited with Professor Ostrowski in 1941, and seized by Menten — as I told in last week's article — after the SS had murdered Ostrowski and all his family. For reasons which remain mysterious, none of this evidence was investigated.

NO MYSTERY ATTACHES to the identity of the chief architect of Menten's defence. This was L.G. Kortenhoorst, chairman of the right-wing 'Committee for the Defence of Law', who made a fortune and a political career by championing collaborators in the courts and in the Dutch Parliament (as Speaker of the Lower House). *Was Collaboration With The Enemy Justified?* Kortenhoorst had asked in a 1945 pamphlet, and given a predictable answer.

Kortenhoorst accused Rohling of having invented Schoengarth's evidence, and Commissioner Van Ijzendoorn of having stolen Menten's jewellery. His client still got three years for wearing Nazi uniform — but he appealed, and at the new trial in 1949 a Jewish witness appeared dramatically from Tel Aviv.

This was Joseph Stieglitz, who we encountered in last week's episode aiding Menten with his robberies in Poland, and being rewarded with a passage out of Occupied Europe. The Dutch court, however, knew nothing of Stieglitz's real past, and were moved by his assertion that he had left a dying father to come to the aid of a man who had once saved his life. (Pieter Menten's brother assumed Stieglitz was blackmailed.)

On 4 May the court gave a reduced sentence, placing Menten immediately at liberty. But

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meanwhile, on 2 April, the Advocate-General had received from another Israeli citizen — Haviv Canaan, formerly Isaac Pistiner, whose family had been slaughtered by Menten — a letter producing for the first time details of Menten's involvement in genocide.

The Advocate could have moved for a new trial. But he took no action, and none in 1950, when Canaan's letter was backed up by sworn evidence of Menten's leadership in the mass shootings at the villages of Podhorotse and Urych (described last week): though this was essentially the same evidence as that found valid some thirty years later.

In August 1950 a Note from the Polish Ministry of Justice presented evidence from Polish survivors concerning the Urych case — and requesting the extradition of Menten, who had been naturalised in Poland before he entered Nazi service. Further notes followed in 1951, as the Poles unearthed evidence concerning Podhorotse.

On 30 May 1952 the public prosecutor of the Amsterdam Special Court wrote to the Prosecutor-General asking for permission to question the Polish witnesses. The Prosecutor-General passed this request, with his approval, to Minister of Justice Mulderije, who referred it to three departmental advisers named Tenkin, Kazemier and Hoogenrade — who expressed reservations, pending personal discussion with the prosecutors.

No record exists of a meeting, and the witnesses were not examined. In July 1952 the Polish government was informed that the matter was 'definitively settled'. And Tenkin, Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice, was Mulderije's representative on the 'Committee for the Defence of Law'.

Prime Minister Van Agt of Holland: he protected Menten

ASSURANCE NOW ENVELOPED Menten so thoroughly that he claimed compensation from the Dutch government for his alleged losses at the hands of the Dutch Resistance in 1945. He collected 700,000 guilders for missing family property — but refused to share any of it with his brother Dirk, which led to a protracted lawsuit, and an enmity which, many years later, was to help bring him down.

Next, Menten set out to swindle the West German government, by claiming that in Poland he had been a victim of Nazi lawlessness. In this he was aided by one Wilhelm Rosenbaum, who testified that he had known Menten in Cracow, and knew him to have been imprisoned and robbed by the German security forces. Menten received 500,000 deutschmarks.

Only at the height of the Cold War, when the Adenauer Government had virtually ceased war-crimes prosecutions, could a monster like Rosenbaum have appeared voluntarily before a West German court. In the latter fifties Simon Wiesenthal — Eichmann's nemesis — caught up with Rosenbaum, and when he was put on trial in Hamburg it emerged that he had been a second-lieutenant on Schoengarth's SS staff in Cracow.

In 1940 he had been placed in charge of a killers' school in the summer resort of Rabka, to which SS men were sent from all over Poland to train for their forthcoming work in the *Einsatzgruppen*. Squads regularly destroyed victims, most of whom were Jews, in batches of 50, 100 and 150.

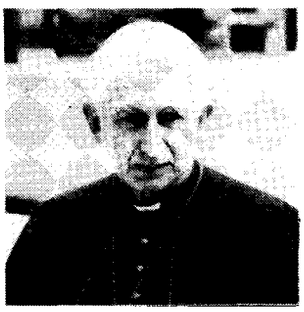
Many Jews in the area bore Rosenbaum's own name. All that he could find, he killed personally. Survivors also testified that he would hack the hands and feet from Jewish children, before having them tied to trees and shot.

The Hamburg court gave him 16 terms of life imprisonment, and in the 1970s when Commissioner Peters began the real investigation into Menten's past, he found Rosenbaum in jail and willing enough to talk. He revealed that Menten had been a close friend of Schoengarth's, and of SS-Major Franz Heim, second-in-command of the murderous Schoengarth Special Duties Unit. All of them had spent many holidays together at Rabka, where Menten had been present for the wedding of Major Heim.

It was over-confidence which began Men-

'Life can be one of two ways. Either it can be all about V.A.T. or it can be all about God. It's perfectly clear that he has a lower percentage of V.A.T. and a higher percentage of God than almost anyone else one knows.'

William Rees Mogg



For five years Basil Hume has been Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. In that time he has become the most widely known and popular Roman Catholic leader in England since the Reformation.

Next Tuesday a major film profile chronicles his life, his path from schoolboy through monk, teacher and Abbot to Archbishop, and looks at his work in the Catholic community today, in Britain and abroad.

BASIL HUME O.S.B.
A filmed biography from Thames Television
10.30 p.m. on ITV Tuesday 24 February

THAMES

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ten's downfall — with the announcement in spring of 1976 that he would auction a substantial part of his art collection. This provoked Haviv Canaan into publishing the evidence which he had sent 16 years before to the judicial authorities, and it made a formidable impact in Holland when it was published in Hans Knoop's weekly paper *Accent*.

But the protective reflexes of Dutch conservatism were still not exhausted. Minister of Justice in 1976 — later Prime Minster — was Andreas A.M. Van Agt of the Catholic People's Party, which had stoutly defended collaborationists just after the war, but had more recently been led by Van Agt into an alliance with two smaller Protestant parties in order to create the Christian Democratic Appeal (CDA). *Accent*'s revelations, together with a television appearance by one of the Urych eye-witnesses, led to a furious press-conference — with Van Agt declaiming that he saw no need for a new inquiry.

He changed his mind, however, when an opinion-poll showed a sharp fall in support for the CDA: Judge Habermehl and Commissioner Peters were instructed to re-open the Menten files. But he would not accede to demands for preventive detention against Menten — who had, among other potential bolt-holes, a 50-room mansion in Waterford.

In September 1976 an official request was made to send a Dutch investigation team to Podhorotse and Urych, now part of the USSR. Simultaneously, Hans Knoop of *Accent* requested visas for himself and a photographer: because of *Accent's* fierce anti-Communism, he expected nothing, but in fact his visas came through in October, while the official party had heard nothing.

The two journalists were conveyed to Lvov, capital of Eastern Galicia under the old Polish regime, and from there to Podhorotse, where a team of pathologists was examining the freshly-exhumed remains of 180 people. They were invited to attend exhumations also at Urych, Dogve and Kropivnik, but decided after a week's investigating, tape-recording and photography that they had had enough.

Back in Amsterdam, Knoop showed the photographs to Judge Habermehl, Commissioner Peters and District-Attorney Hartsuiker, playing tapes of the statements of 15 witnesses. All three agreed that if the material were to be published in *Accent,* Menten would attempt to abscond, and the two lawyers, aware that the Ministry of Justice would resist preventive detention, begged Knoop to wait until official evidence could be brought back from the USSR (due to Soviet delays, it was to be months before this happened).

Knoop, with some sympathy from the policeman, Peters, maintained that it was his duty to publish, and theirs to apprehend Menten. The story, he said, would appear in *Accent* and in the Hamburg magazine *Stern* on 20 November 1976. On 11 November Habermehl, Hartsuiker and Peters fixed 15 November as the day that they would arrest Pieter Menten.

But on the night of 14 November, warned by some still-unknown official in the Ministry of Justice, Menten and his wife got into their Simca estate car, drove away from their mansion at Blaricum — and disappeared, leaving Andreas Van Agt to face a political storm which began to shake Dutch society to its foundations. □

NEXT WEEK: Endgame, and political fallout.

LABOUR PARTY

Sparks in the constituencies

PATRICK WINTOUR details an attempt to unseat the left

FRANK CHAPPLE's union the EETPU is in the midst of a major nationwide campaign to win back from the left control of Labour Party constituencies. As the period for reselection of MPs begins, EETPU head office officials have been seeking out members of their union willing to act as branch delegates on Constituency Labour Party General Management Committees. Special political officers are being appointed and at least 30 constituencies are receiving close attention.

In the northwest Eileen Gallagher a steward at Plesseys has been appointed full time political advisor and recruitment has already begun. In Scotland an energetic full time officer Dan Carrigan says he has already recruited 120 new delegates. In the Bothwell constituency near Glasgow, where the MP Jimmy Hamilton may soon retire, 20 new EETPU delegates are being sent to the GMC, where their entitlement is believed to be even higher. In Pollock constituency the number of EETPU delegates has increased by fifteen. Glasgow Central EETPU branch, the largest in Scotland, is now affiliated to 13 constituencies.

Some of these new delegates — about 40 in all — gathered on 31 January at the North British Hotel in Glasgow, where they were addressed by Donald Dewar MP, Bob Eadie the union's political and telecommunications officer, Alf McLuckie, a member of the union executive, Ken Collins the Euro-MP and Gerry O'Brien, a Labour Party regional organiser. We understand that some new left wing branch delegates to CLPs were not invited, nor indeed was Hector Barlow, the union's other executive member for Scotland and a left winger. Mr Eadie insists that all new delegates were invited.

SINCE 1977 the EETPU has had a well developed political structure. All EETPU branch delegates to CLPs, grouped in a region matching the Labour Party's own 11 regions, meet at least annually. At this meeting they elect one delegate each to the Labour Party conference, a regional political committee of 5 delegates (often accompanied by a full time officer) and one member of the union's national political advisory committee. Above this advisory committee is the Political sub-committee staffed exclusively by full time officers and executive members.

It is this committee chaired by Eric Hammond that has launched the campaign to increase union-party involvement. Minutes of this committee are not made readily available to branches. Much of their work is unexceptionable, if partisan, political education. One of its most important recommendations accepted by the Executive Council on 4 March 1980 was that:

> in those cases where a branch refused to affiliate directly to a CLP, although a member of the branch was willing to attend the GMC as delegate, the union ought to affiliate directly to the CLP, following consultation with the regional political advisory committee.

This decision is based on a union rule that 'the executive has power to delegate any member to act on behalf of the union'. It has important implications for branch autonomy. The Left argue that in practice this means that all the union need do is find one person living in the constituency who can be persuaded to be a branch delegate to a GMC: this person does not need the branch's approval. If the branch do not like him and cannot find a replacement, head office can overrule them.

Many EETPU branches throughout the country are claiming their rights are being ignored in what they see as a highly centralised campaign to get handpicked delegates onto GMCs. At its last meeting, one of the largest branches in the union, the 7,000 strong London Central branch, passed a motion reiterating its right to put forward its own delegates and totally opposing delegates being foisted on it by the Executive. The branch is currently refusing to accept a centrally appointed branch delegate who they say will not report back to the branch.

In the same vein, the London Lift branch — which covers most of the South of England — passed a motion recently condemning the practice of union CLP delegates being appointed without the branch's permission and asking to know which constituencies head office were affiliating them to. The same issue was to be raised at the London West contracting branch and in the west country. Glasgow Central branch recently met with Dan Carrigan and told him that they were disturbed by the number of unknown CLP delegates being appointed from the branch. They hoped that in future all delegates would first be interviewed by the branch.

Similarly some CLPs, notably Bermondsey CLP, are questioning the validity of some EETPU delegates and whether they have any genuine connection with the CLP to which they are affiliating. As a result, four members of the Labour Party NEC are currently investigating the whole issue of union branch affiliations — a particularly vexed question.

TALES OF fixing and packing have always accompanied large union affiliations to CLPs. And although increased union branch involvement in the Labour Party is considered desirable, the Labour Party constitution on union affiliation appears excessively loose. Party rules are being complied with so long as a union branch delegate is a Labour Party member living in the constituency and his union branch has paid the affiliation fee (minimum £5) and given the name of the branch secretary. Broadly, if there are between one and 100 branch members living in the constituency and paying the political levy, the branch is entitled to one delegate on the constituency GMC; 101 to 200 entitles a union to two delegates and so on up to a maximum of five delegates.

Senior party officials say that there is nothing in the party rules which says that union delegates must be elected or nominated by his or her branch nor need they be working at the tools of the trade of their union or even be a branch member. Such issues are up to the union. Similarly party officials rarely check unions' claims on the number of their political levy payers living in a constituency. Bermondsey CLP, which was flooded by centrally organised EETPU branch applications to affilate last year, object to this laxness. The principle they

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WILL YOUR M.P. LET YOU SHOP ON SUNDAYS & LATE AT NIGHT?

This Friday 20th February your MP will have the opportunity to support the Private Member's Bill presented by Sir Anthony Meyer to amend and extend the law regulating shop opening hours.

At present it is against the law to sell most types of goods after eight at night and on Sundays. In the current Dickie Dirts' Opinion Poll so far over 30,000 people (approximately 94% of the vote taken) are in favour of a change in the law relating to late night and Sunday shopping. In fact 49% of Dickie Dirts' trade takes place during currently illegal shopping hours.

Providing employees' interests are adequately safeguarded — as outlined in the proposed Bill — a change in the law would give workers the freedom to work hours which they prefer. Dickie Dirts' staff work 37½ hours a week on a rotating shift and are paid £6,740 a year basic salary. The 14 hours a day, seven days a week opening requires twice the number of staff that ordinary shop hours would necessitate, thus providing more employment. Dickie Dirts' value for money policy maintains reduced prices and doubles employment, which makes a nonsense of the uncompetitive statement that longer shopping hours are inflationary. The majority of shops appear to forget that they are in business to provide a service for the customer.

The laws pertaining to shopping hours are out of pace with modern Britain. Today we are a nation of many races and creeds and most people do not have the time available to do all their shopping conveniently during conventional shopping hours. Dickie Dirts believes the law should be updated to suit Britain's needs.

Dickie Dirts OPINION POLL

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 9 AM TO 11 PM
396-400 NORTH END ROAD,
FULHAM BROADWAY, LONDON SW6.
TEL: 01-381 3169
58 WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON W2.
TEL: 01-229 1466

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are defending is that every branch delegate must be elected by that branch and report back to it. This issue — whether a union branch delegate must be nominated by that branch — has been at the centre of the present NEC inquiry.

THE BEHAVIOUR of the EETPU highlights the inadequacies of the current party rules. Perhaps the most extreme case is that of the union's London EESA (white collar) branch where a delegate had been appointed by head office to Bermondsey CLP without the branch secretary Mr. K. Linney even being aware this was taking place. The particular delegate chosen, Charles Sawyer, was in fact a housing officer. Mr Linney says the matter has now been sorted out and the branch have accepted Sawyer as delegate.

Currently all EETPU affiliations to Bermondsey have been frozen pending the NEC inquiry. But some of the EETPU branches trying to affiliate to Bermondsey have a questionable pedigree. The EETPU General Office branch wishes to send a delegate but does not meet. Similarly the GEC, Plessey and STC telecomms branches applying to affiliate to Bermondsey are national branches, run by Mr Eadie, and meet only once a year. Active members of the London West contracting branch were unaware that they had affiliated to the Bermondsey party, which is some miles from their catchment area. (The full-time branch secretary is based in Luton.)

At Wembley Frank Chapple made a powerful speech against the corruption of the union bloc vote: it will be interesting to see how these reservations are transferred to the union influence on the party at local level. □

SPOOKS

Secrets that won't be told

DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports on the censored Panorama programme and the security service's men in the media and at the *Daily Mirror.*

THE BBC'S REPORT on the British security and intelligence services, due to be screened on *Panorama* next Monday, is the first time this part of the establishment has dared to examine intelligence further than the nonsense of Smiley and his people. This has provoked the intelligence establishment to considerable fury, and strong efforts have been made, by MI5 in particular, to have the programme banned. These have succeeded to the extent of a very firm curb being placed on the investigation and form of reporting used in the programme.

Particularly ironical is the fact that, early on, the programme team checked for, and found, an official MI5 representative secretly within the BBC. The MI5 official is posted to the BBC for a tour of duty in a cover post, and is particularly responsible for checks on personal details of all BBC staff and new applicants.

According to Panorama reporter Tom Mangold, the MI5 'resident' is responsible for checking all BBC incomers out with 'Curzon Street' — a euphemism for MI5 headquarters If he passes the word back that an applicant has 'come to notice' of the Security Services, then the applicant's job or promotion will be blocked. The criteria the Security Service use for judging subversion are, of course, notoriously wide and embrace any serious kind of libertarian or socialist position. One BBC producer told us how his promotion had been blocked after he had made a documentary in which a young communist student had had a prominent role. The event was dragged up repeatedly at BBC promotion boards and he was asked 'Do you think, with hindsight, you were right to put a card carrying Party member on the screen?'

A former senior BBC producer confirmed Mangold's story. He alleged the MI5 cover post was at the Shepherds Bush TV centre and involved being responsible for the security of VIPs visiting the BBC.

Most government departments have a secret cell of MI5 staff to check covertly on their security besides the orthodox activities of each Department's Security Division. It enables them secretly to watch suspect civil servants and to consult files for information which they might not wish other staff to know was being obtained by MI5. It is little surprise that such an arrangement has also long applied to the BBC. Mangold, however, refuses to identify the official or his cover position, out of 'loyalty to the organisation' (the BBC). He and producer John Pennycate told interviewees that they had shown material to the official to 'clear' it.

Such voluntary co-operation did not however satisfy Curzon Street. The core of the *Panorama* programme was to include interviews with at least four British security and intelligence agents: Lee Tracey, for more than 20 years an MI6 contract employee; James Rusbridger, a commodity broker who worked as an MI6 bagman carrying cases of US dollars to secret meetings in Eastern Europe; Tony Motion, a former official of MI5's 'B' division, responsible for counterespionage; and Jock Kane, a former radio supervisor for the gigantic monitoring organisation GCHQ, who last year revealed the scale of internal corruption at GCHQ stations in the *New Statesman.*

Many prospective interviewees and in particular all the current and past heads of the intelligence agencies MI5, MI6, and GCHQ were warned not to speak to the the BBC researchers. But the BBC were fortunate in reaching Tony Motion in Perth, Western Australia, before the word from Curzon Street. Motion told the BBC, as he had earlier told the *New Statesman,* how he hd been dispatched to Oxford University in 1967 to check through the pre-war communist affiliations of Oxford students. He quizzed surviving administrative staff about students who belonged to left organisations. Although the search turned up hundreds of names with Marxist and communist sympathies, Motion will not say if he uncovered any unexpected moles. He did not know if his superiors at Curzon Street had any particular candidates in mind but the investigation appears to be linked to persistent suspicions that one of a very few senior MI5 officials of the 50s and early 60s was a Soviet spy.

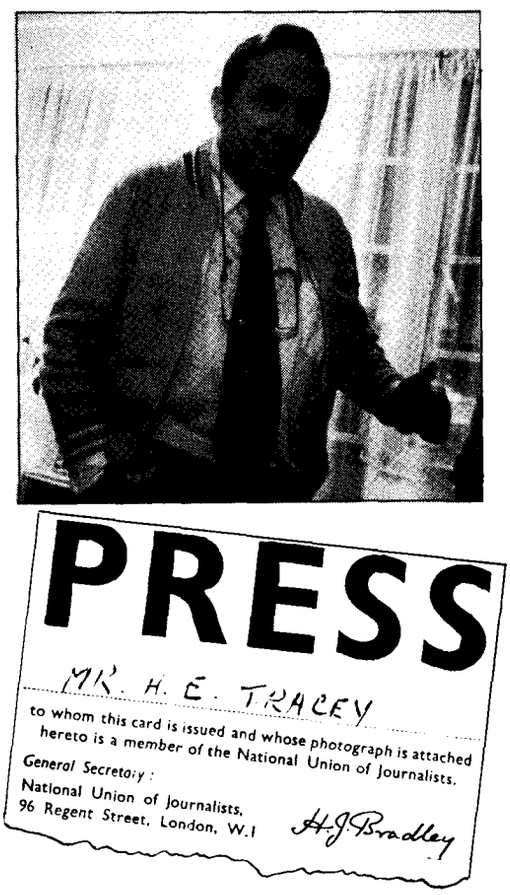
The interview of such a recent ex-employee incensed MI5 and by late September, according to Tom Mangold, MI5 Director General Sir Howard Trayton Smith had been to complain to BBC Director General Sir Ian Trethowan. The result was a further series of curbs in addition to the self imposed ordinance on discussing intelligence sources and methods. Trethowan banned the interviewing of former agents, and the filming of supposed sensitive government establishments like GCHQ at Cheltenham.

Trethowan finally called in the proposed two films last month, but yielded to their being shown after a series of leaks about the internal argument led to considerable pressure from the broadcasting union. The programme has now been scheduled for next week — despite embarrassment earlier this week when a local newspaper in Cornwall turned up an awkward recent conviction for fraud by one of the agents the BBC filmed, James Rusbridger. Although this discovery was accidental and not motivated by MI5, subsequent attempts were made to sell derogatory copy about both him and Lee Tracey, who has had a colourful career as a manufacturer of bugs and other snooping electronics since he left MI6 in th late 60s.

LEE TRACEY, whose discussion of the possibility of assassinating Tony Benn is revealed on page 3, was a long term contract employee of MI6. He is unwilling to reveal much of his clandestine work for Her Majesty's Government, but has had a wide ranging, if less than Bondian, career.

He first entered the secret world at the end of the second world war, when he was offered small jobs to do after he became demobbed from the RAF's orthodox intelligence branch.

During his 20 years with MI6, he worked under journalistic cover on the *Daily Mirror* and other newspapers, went to Hollywood to join CIA agents on an undercover trip pretending to make feature films in Roumania, and ultimately ended up in Dublin on a plot to


PRESS
MR. H. E. TRACEY
to whom this card is issued and whose photograph is attached hereto is a member of the National Union of Journalists.
General Secretary:
National Union of Journalists,
96 Regent Street, London, W.1
H.J. Bradley

Harold 'Lee' Tracey, the intelligence agent who infiltrated the *Daily Mirror.* He still has his NUJ press card.

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kidnap Sean Bourke, an Irishman who had been instrumental in the escape of Soviet spy George Blake from Wormwood Scrubs, and whom the intelligence services desperately wished to bring to trial in Britain. He often spent long periods of time working in telephone tapping centres in London, or fixing up individual taps on lines around the country.

Agents like Lee Tracey are generally managed by case officers who if possible, stay as their links throughout their active life. Tracey would report regularly for tasks to MI6's then headquarters at Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

His first long term assignment was to get good journalistic cover, and he was found employment first, in 1948 at the Derbyshire Evening Telegraph, as a photographer. He then moved to a Bristol paper, and finally was planted on the *Daily Mirror* in 1952. His main task was to identify and report on likely recruits for MI6, either foreigners who might be compromised into becoming British spies, or Britons who might be useful to MI6. He was disliked at the *Daily Mirror* by those who can remember him, particularly for not apparently having had much interest in turning in material for the paper which notionally employed him. A reporter colleague of the time who recalls him describes the area which they both covered as centring on the 'organised vice scene'.

Tracey was assigned by MI6 to visit Stephen Ward and was supposed to do a *Daily Mirror* profile on the man. Nothing ever appeared but a full report went to MI6, who hoped that some juicy target might be sexually compromised inside the Ward circle. Six years later this circle ensnared War Minister Profumo. Tracey's penetration of the group was never revealed to Lord Denning during his investigation, when he commented adversely on the intelligence agencies lack of awareness of the case.

The *Daily Mirror* was not the only newspaper he was planted into. In the early 1960s, he went to the *Montreal Star* with fake Canadian citizenship to pursue MI6 investigations there. His next move finally took him to Hollywood and a cover post of a film company which he used to photograph East European military installations.

It was his work bugging and tapping which gave him the experience to set up in business as a private enterprise phone tap manufacturer. He has run a number of essentially similar businesses making bugs, taps, and bug detectors. He recalls the telephone tapping business of the 60s as completely unsupervised, as far as his department was concerned. Warrants from the Home Secretary were 'never heard of'. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ A nun told a court today that cardigans stolen from an Oxford Street store had got into her bag 'because of some devilish miracle'. Sister Bernadette O'Flanaghan, 36, was found guilty of shoplifting after Wells Street magistrate Geoffrey Noel said that he could not accept her story. — *New Standard* (P. Roche)

☐ The Rev Glyn Wilkinson, the Rector of Barwick, near Leeds, has told his parishioners to produce more babies so that the village infant school can be saved. — *Daily Telegraph* (G.Moor)

☐ Shopkeepers in Boulogne say that the English no longer come just to gape, but account for up to half their takings on Saturdays. 'Big breakfast cups are our best seller,' one shopkeeper enthused, 'which is strange, because we get them from Portmeirion pottery, in Wales.' — *The Times* (Madeline Brent)

Local radio

Contd from p.7

Finally, the prospectus showed that the business directors were putting in very little money: hardly inspiring confidence in the venture.

UNSURPRISINGLY, the prospectus failed: only £80,000 was raised. John Thompson, director of radio at the IBA, rang to ask what had gone wrong. The bank told him that investors objected to not having full voting rights (this was not a problem in Cardiff); the community concept was blamed. At a subsequent board meeting Suess discouraged discussion of what had happened. In return for a vow of silence on the share issue the British Linen Bank promised not to claim their £10,000 fee. Suess was replaced by Mr Hugh Young who refuses to discuss the failed prospectus with us other than to say he does not feel very 'relaxed' about the incident.

For the Association, the effect was demoralising. One member mulled over the financial problems with the radio sales agency Broadcast Marketing Services, which had provided some early advice. BMS is owned by Standard Broadcasting of Canada and soon Standard's managing director, Robert Kennedy — a former IBA employee — was on the line. Two days later he was in Inverness and on the way from the airport to the city he offered cash and expertise, in return for a place on the board. The Association's seats were reduced to three.

The British Linen Bank said further money could only be raised by issuing another prospectus. They said the IBA would never approve of Kennedy's idea of raising it through a private company (a method employed by other stations). Kennedy rang up Thompson who said there was no need for another prospectus.

PRIVATE CAPITAL is now being raised for Moray Firth, and Standard Broadcasting Company will have a share in the venture. The Association, which won the franchise, has, by taking professional advice, lost the initiative and seats on the board. They are fighting back by organising programme-making groups to put into practice some of the ideas which found support from the IBA, including a highly original studio system which would use post office lines to link together the many dispersed towns and villages that make up the Moray Firth.

The Association has found the IBA decision-making process perplexing. One of Moray Firth's directors remarked that it was hard to keep accurate records of decisions because these were frequently made at casual meetings outside the board room, which went unminuted. Symbolically, when John Thompson rang up he often prefaced his remarks to directors by the words 'Is this a private line?'

Moray Firth and Cardiff are not isolated experiments on the fringes of broadcasting. Rather the opposite: they are experiments which challenge the central ideas of commercial broadcasting in Britain today and for that reason have attracted widespread interest and abuse. In this the IBA has not attempted to resolve the crises in favour of the 'community' nor has it encouraged novel forms of organisation. On its record, it has acted in favour of the narrow, solely profit-seeking commercial interests which predominate in British broadcasting. If its claims about regulating the industry are to be taken seriously, it will need to behave differently in future. □

BEAT THE BUDGET
A New Statesman Wine Offer

First, the bad news. The wine trade think it's inevitable that the Chancellor will increase duty in next month's budget. (This, of course, isn't a novel Tory desire to lean on the upper classes. Table wine is now drunk in more than half of British homes.)

Now, the good news. You can get a few glasses ahead of Chancellor Howe with this budget-beating offer of a case of good French wine, delivered to your door for £23.75 all-in. That's under £2 a bottle for wine with a touch of quality.

Each case contains

6 bottles of Domaines Les Milles VDQS, a flinty, dry white produced in vineyards a few kilometres from Aix-en-Provence.
6 bottles of Chateau St Vincent VDQS, a red Costiere du Gard, similar to the wines of nearby Cotes du Rhone.

But Hurry! Our shipper needs to receive your order before Budget Day (10 March) **so this offer is for TWO WEEKS ONLY.**

YES, I wish to get ahead of the Chancellor with a case of good French wine.
I enclose a cheque for £23.75 payable to **NEW STATESMAN.**

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS*.....

.....

.....

Please send your cheque with your order to **New Statesman (Wine Offer), 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.**

*Sorry, but because of carriage costs this offer applies only to the UK mainland. Please allow up to 21 days for delivery.

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IRELAND

Mr Ulster's challenge

As Paisley takes to the streets, MARY HOLLAND reports from Belfast on the rising tide of Protestant anger.

THERE IS a new word fashionable among the more extreme voices of Protestant opinion in Northern Ireland — 'counter terrorism'. This does not mean the theories expounded by Sir Frank Kitson nor the tactics deployed by the SAS. 'Counter terrorism' in the mouths of these Ulster Protestants means launching a campaign to deal with the Provisional IRA, preferably with the co-operation of those sections of the security forces which are locally recruited and mainly Protestant, such as the Ulster Defence Regiment and the Police Reserve.

At their most extreme, those in favour of counter terrorism believe that the time has come for a bombing campaign in the Irish Republic. A leading Unionist politician told me last week that this was now being actively canvassed and that he believed that Loyalist paramilitary organisations had the capacity to mount it. The advantages of such a campaign, from the Loyalist point of view, would be twofold. It would hit those whom many Protestants believe to be responsible for their sufferings at the hands of the Provisional IRA, and it would give vent to the anger they feel about the talks which have taken place between Margaret Thatcher and the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Mr Charles Haughey.

While talk of a bombing campaign is still regarded as 'wild and dangerous' by most Unionist politicians, there is quite general support for the local defence committees, exclusively Protestant, which are now a common feature of life in villages along the border. In some of these areas the life style of the Protestant farming community is now reminiscent of white settlers in the final days of UDI. One Protestant politician told me of touring County Fermanagh and seeing farms where the wife was crouched behind a hedge, armed with a shotgun, guarding her husband while he worked. He agreed that it was possible that such scenes had been especially staged for him, but countered: 'They didn't stage manage their almost hysterical gratitude that a politician, any politician, had come to see for himself how they were living.'

Rightly or wrongly, many Protestants living in areas of Fermanagh and Tyrone now believe that the Provisional IRA is engaged in a systematic campaign to drive them off their lands, and that this is being done with the connivance if not the active support of local Catholics. The Provisionals deny this and maintain that their targets are chosen for their connection with the security forces. In practice this usually means that he or she is a part-time member of the Ulster Defence Regiment or the Police Reserve. To Protestants it looks as though they have been picked out because they are Protestants. While the British government maintains that cross border security has never been better, those who live along the border remain unconvinced. They point to the ease with which the IRA can escape to the south and claim that the security forces on both sides often know who are guilty of particular crimes, but are powerless to do anything about it.

THE RISING tide of anger in the Protestant community, which Ian Paisley is now exploiting, has its origins in an almost bewildered resentment about the continuing failure to smash the IRA, particularly in the border areas. In this atmosphere the talk of counter terrorism, whether it be of bombing the Irish Republic or of 'chase and destroy' raids by armed vigilante groups across the border in pursuit of the IRA, is heady and dangerous. Just as the Provisionals justify their actions by talking about 'legitimate targets', the Loyalist paramilitary groups attempt to give an aura of respectability to their killings by describing their victims as 'known Republicans'. A few

Hulton Picture Library

Sir Edward Carson (1913): anti home rule and Paisley's hero.

weeks ago one UDA leader explained to me, apropos of the murders of several known activists in the anti-H Block campaign:

> If it's a choice between allowing fellows to shoot a well-known Republican or attack a whole street of Catholics, just because they're Catholics, it's better to hold the line with the first.

The signs are that even this line is becoming increasingly difficult to hold. A Belfast lawyer told me that he believed the Protestant community had reached some kind of watershed when he heard the general reaction to the shooting of Ms Bernadette McAliskey. He said: 'Even a year ago, even though they didn't like her, most Protestants would have been shocked by the incident. But even among quite solid people, businessmen and so on there was no sympathy at all, rather the reverse.'

There is an optimistic view, widely held in the south of Ireland as well as Britain, that the threat of the Protestant backlash has never amounted to more than bluff. The failure of successive British governments has been their lack of nerve to call that bluff. Those who believe this argue that the Protestant tradition in Ulster has been to support the institutions of the state, particularly the instruments of law and order. This law-abiding tradition would effectively prevent the kind of communal endorsement of violence, common among Catholics, which is necessary for any widescale revolt to succeed. If the Protestant backlash is now dangerously close to becoming a reality, and many Protestants in Northern Ireland believe that it is, this comforting theory will be put to the test in the months ahead, as will the British government's nerve in dealing with it.

Just what that could mean may, to some extent, be gauged by the number of firearms in private hands in Northern Ireland. The official figure for firearms certificates is 85,000 but some of these cover more than one gun. Some estimates put the figure of legally held arms at 110,000 in a population of one and a half million. By fairly general consent most of these weapons are in the hands of Protestants, who are also more likely to have been effectively trained in their use as part-time members of some local branch of the security forces.

The constant resentment about security has now been exacerbated by Protestant suspicions that the British government is engaged in political talks with Dublin, which could lead to the long feared nightmare of a sellout to a united Ireland. Although Mrs Thatcher and Mr Humphrey Atkins have reiterated that the present joint working parties set up by Westminster and the Dublin government will not affect Northern Ireland's constitutional status, few people in Ireland, north or south, believe them. It may be, as British officials privately admit, that one hoped for result of the Anglo-Irish working parties will be to make Ulster Protestants 'think furiously' about their position — which might or might not make them more amenable to political change.

There are other factors which lend some weight to the theory that what is going on is a painful process of re-educating the Protestants. Economically, Northern Ireland is reeling from the effects of Mrs Thatcher's policies. Unemployment in the province is running at over 17 per cent, and for the first time this is hurting Protestants, accustomed to full employment, as well as Catholics. All this fuels the suspicions that Britain has already embarked on the process of withdrawal, economic as well as political.

AT THE MOMENT the reality of Mrs Thatcher's long-term intentions is almost academic. The most palpable effect of her strategy since her December meeting with Mr Haughey has been to create a mood of hysterical mistrust among Ulster Protestants which stretches right across the social spectrum. At one end this is manifested by the organisers of the funeral of Sir Norman Stronge — the octogenarian former Speaker of Stormont who was murdered by the IRA in the border village of Tynan — sending a message to the Secretary of State that he would not be welcome at the ceremony. This unprecedented snub by the Protestant ascendany to a British Government minister was significant because the class to which the Stronges belonged still wields considerable political influence in the Protestant community.

At the other end is Ian Paisley whose campaign of mass rallies on the theme 'Ulster in Danger' began with a rally in the country town of Omagh last Friday. In Northern Ireland Paisley's activities look a great deal more serious and potentially threatening than they appear at Westminster. His nocturnal manoeuvres in the Antrim Hills, ridiculed by the British media, have sent his stock rocketing in his home territory. At his meeting in Omagh the crowds overflowed from the Orange Hall

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onto the streets outside, where trestle tables had been set up for them to sign an 'Ulster Declaration' vowing to resist any attempt to submerge the province into a united Ireland.

These people were not the roughnecks one has been accustomed to think of as making up the bulk of Paisley support in the past. They were soberly dressed, as though for church, many of them middle-aged rural couples who had driven 60 or 70 miles to be at the meeting. An elderly farmer from Eniskillen dared me to contradict his belief that the British army was now co-operating with the IRA. A young man carrying a five-month-old baby in the bitterly cold night told me that he and his wife had come from Belfast because 'it's the youngster's future that is at stake.'

As so often in the past, Paisley has sensed the mood of the people he represents and is now articulating, with virulent and dangerous rhetoric, their resentment at Britain, their anger at Ulster's economic decline and their fear of the green peril to the south. Moreover, he is doing this at a time when there is no credible rival to challenge his claim to be listened to as the leader of Northern Ireland's Protestants. The once great monolith of the Official Unionist Party is in disarray, with a multiplicity of voices and policies at the top.

Some, led by Mr James Molyneux and his Orange eminence, Enoch Powell, advocate integration with the rest of the United Kingdom. Others still cling to a dream of a return to devolved government with Protestant majority rule at Stormont. But now that the power of the Unionist bloc at Westminster has decreased Mr Powell's star has waned and his extreme attacks on Paisley have not helped him. The infighting over the leadership of the party is already well under way but the organisation at grassroots level is confused and hopelessly demoralised. Those Protestant politicians with any claim to be taken seriously have already expressed their support for Paisley's stance. Their problem is to think up some tactic which will give public expression to the anger of their traditional supporters in a situation where Paisley has already got a head start. Mr William Craig, for example, is already advocating a campaign to break off those constitutional links which already exist with the Irish Republic, through trades unions who are members of the Irish Congress of Trades Unions and professional associations.

Politically, the first major test of Paisley's claim to be heard as 'Mr Ulster' will be the local government elections next May. But many people in Northern Ireland now believe that the real trial of the British Government's nerve over its present policies will come much sooner. It has been announced that a new hunger strike by Republican prisoners in the Maze prison is to start on 1 March. Even allowing for the fact that it may prove much more difficult for the Provisionals to muster the kind of public support they had for the strike before Christmas, it is still fairly safe to predict that tension will be growing in the Catholic areas by the end of March if the hunger strike goes ahead. Paisley's province-wide campaign is due to reach a climax with a 'massive demonstration' at Carson's Monument outside Stormont on 28 March. The run-up to Easter is always a tense time in Northern Ireland because of Catholic commemorations of the 1916 rising in Dublin. This year, with Protestants massing on the streets as well, it could mean a special test of Mrs Thatcher's political will to deal with the Irish problem. □

Diary

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

■ There seems to be something chemically wrong in the relationship between the miners' union and the Conservative Party. They've just *never* hit it off. The present dispute is partly the result of the old 'productivity' three-card trick — whereby a given workforce is told to smarten up on output per man, responds gallantly and is then told that, as a result of this unstinting effort, it will be rewarded with 10 per cent redundancies. But the miners are also the victims of another process — the exploitation of cheap Third World resources. Here is an extract from a recent address by Mr G.W.H. Relly, who is deputy chairman of the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa:

> As far as energy is concerned South Africa's supply to the EEC has already assumed considerable importance and this is likely to grow. Emphasis on coal as an energy resource is growing and South Africa now equals Poland as the major external supplier to the EEC . . . South African output of coal has overtaken that of West Germany and is now approaching that of Britain.

I've never specially liked the argument for import controls, if only because it's often a short-sighted policy towards the underdeveloped world. But we know about the conditions under which South Africa 'produces' its coal. Perhaps we could make an exception here; a sort of 'special case' . . .?

■ In the course of a fifteen year period, I made a number of spirited attempts to enter Rhodesia House in the Strand. For one reason or another, I never made it past the imposing front door, and had to be content with looking at the Epstein murals on the outside (their genitals chiselled off by a philistine colonial government in awful deference to propriety). So it felt quite eerie, on Monday night, to present myself at the entrance and be ushered in. Zimbabwe House is open at last, and this column extends a warm welcome to Dr R.G. Zwinoira as the first High Commissioner. The British government has been, naturally, magnanimous to the very last. They have presented the new arrivals with a rates bill of half a million pounds, incurred by the non-payment of Ian Smith's debts. Reasonably enough, the Zimbabweans do not wish to know about this bill. I hear that Westminster Council, who will have to make up the loss if the Foreign Office don't pay, are threatening to leave the FO dustbins brimming. I hope there is a great deal of truth in this rumour.

■ I always like to think the best of everybody, and I don't doubt that many absolutely sweet people are attracted by the idea of the 'new' social democratic party. But, such is politics, many not-so-sweet people have got there first. Dr Stephen Haseler, a prime mover in the new outfit, seems not to be a social democrat at all. In his last book, *The Tragedy of Labour* (Blackwell £7.95), he calls for a new party all right. He wants it to be 'populist' and 'majoritarian' and, even more strikingly:

> Right of centre *(more so than the present Conservative Party)* on social, moral, international issues and in ideological posture. (italics mine)

Now, Haseler is not just a lone signatory of the 'Limehouse Declaration'. He is one of the originators of the whole project. He is also an active member of the Heritage Foundation, a Washington think-tank very closely associated with the Reagan campaign. This body has taken money from the same sources as the John Birch Society, and its leading figures have included the 'geneticist' Roger Pearson, profiled in the *Washington Post* for his 'unabashed advocacy in past years of racial hierarchy, Nordic and Aryan superiority and the need to retain genetic purity through artificial insemination and sperm banks'. Some have resigned from Heritage because of this kind of company, but not Haseler. The Foundation has just presented Reagan with a 3,000 page report which calls for the revival of the internal security system. What was that about Tony Benn's loyalty oaths? Who is Shirley Williams travelling with?

■ Incidentally, can you quote a sentence of the Limehouse Declaration? Do you know anybody who can?

■ I have warned people in these pages before now that, if the militants don't bother to turn up to meetings, the moderates will take over. (You can always tell them; they hang around until the meeting is nearly over and everybody wants to go home. Then — wham — they strike.) A fresh example of this dubious tactic has just come my way. The TUC were due to hold a consultative conference on energy policy in April. The meeting has now been 'brought forward' to next Friday, a working day when it is very difficult for non-officials to attend. The chairman of the Fuel and Power Industries Committee, a Mr Frank Joseph Chapple, seems to want a pro-nuclear document to be adopted. An inch-thick, fifteen chapter, four appendix document was sent out a few days ago. But, in case anybody manages to digest it in time, the organisers have declared in advance that no resolutions will be accepted. So, if all goes ▶

Roger Woddis

Facer

'We must project as a party a much more human face to the electorate.' — Norman St John-Stevas.

There is a party sweet and kind,
Was never face so re-designed;
And yet it so offends the eye,
You shudder as you hurry by.

It has a look of hardness which,
Though not exclusive to the rich,
Seems more inclined than heretofore
To grind the faces of the poor.

Its once-so-smooth and polished brow
Is looking rather wrinkled now;
The cheeks have sagged, the bloom has gone —
Too late to slap the make-up on.

A facelift seems the only way,
But how to bring back yesterday?
Restoring withered flesh to life
Is far beyond the surgeon's knife.

A mask perhaps? A thick disguise
To hide the panic in the eyes?
But change the style, or change the tone,
It will not save the rotting bone.

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according to plan, Annual Congress and the various Easter union conferences will be presented with a nuke resolution purportedly endorsed by those attending next week. Vigilance will be needed if civilisation as we know it is going to survive.

■ I was recently reading an item about the problem of booze in the Soviet Union. The authorities apparently regard alcoholism as their greatest social problem; the root of absenteeism, vandalism and delinquency. It reminded me of the story of an old Indian Communist leader, who was invited to Moscow by Khrushchev as a member of a high-level delegation. During their chat, the Indian raised the question of Pasternak, whose writing had just been suppressed again. Khrushchev said that no exception could be made for him. The Indian asked whether, in that case, the authorities were frightened of illegal publications starting up (not bad for those pre-*samizdat* days). Khrushchev said it was a risk they were prepared to run. Changing the subject, he added that of course they did not pretend the USSR was a paradise. There were many problems among the young — absenteeism, demoralisation, violence. Party sociologists had identified alcohol as a prime cause in all this. 'Have you ever,' asked the Indian delegate, 'considered imposing prohibition?' 'Of course we've *considered* it,' replied Khrushchev 'but we came to the conclusion that people would simply start making and selling illegal hooch.' This anecdote is my contribution to the Dostoyevsky centenary, celebrated in a rather muted way in the Soviet Union on 9 February.

■ Everybody knows that the national press is unfair to the Left, and uses loaded terms like 'moderate' to convey an ideological meaning. It's less often pointed out that the same process discriminates against the Right — in fact, it discriminates very heavily against any discussion or consideration of ideas. Reading the papers, I'm really struck by the mirror-image way in which woolly-minded losers like Norman St John-Stevas and Nicholas Scott are now presented as key thinkers and as statesmen, while duffers like Prior are elevated to an almost Socratic status. The danger of this simplification, which usually goes with easy OK talk about 'mad monetarists', is that it conceals the real nature of the government. This is in fact quite an intelligent administration, with a serious strategy to redesign the country. I don't think the plan will work, and I think that the attempt to make it do so is abominable. But that doesn't mean we should defer to a crowd of fat farmers and escaped Etonians who are mainly worried about their own jobs.

■ First time as tragedy, second time as farce. Ian Paisley should not be underestimated, but in comparison with Carson he is bound to fail. First, the threat of 'Home Rule' is insufficiently palpable, and the banalities of the Dublin summit just do not provide a clear enough target. Second, there is still a large number of Protestant leaders unwilling to face the consequences of their own bluster. Third, and perhaps most important, there is no large fifth column in the British Establishment prepared to go the distance for Ulster and subvert the constitution. Occasionally in the past the *New Statesman* has made the simple proofreaders' mistake of referring to Paisley as 'Reverend' or 'Doctor' (I have heard him preach at his 'church' and can testify that he is neither). From now on we shall not credit him with these borrowed plumes. Nor should any paper that pays attention to the truth.

■ It hasn't taken long for Rupert Murdoch to put his distinctive stamp on Times Newspapers. A certain Mr Ruda has been inserted into the advertising department and passes his time by shouting 'get out there and sell' to nervous executives who have never done either. Mr Ruda's previous experience is in the less expensive end of the newspaper market, and I regret to report that his snobbish new colleagues are already calling him 'Botany Bay'. One of them has even been heard moaning feebly that Mr Ruda 'would surely be happier selling the *Encyclopaedia Titanica.*'

LETTERS

What ordinary people want

From Stan Smith

I have been very impressed by the fair and reasonable coverage given by the media to attempts by ordinary people to found a new political party. I have therefore decided to seek backing from a hundred ordinary nonentities for my own new party: the Council for Social Mediocracy, and trust that I/we will receive the same impartial coverage.

I think voters will find my/our programme very attractive. Among other items, it includes the following reasonable and radical proposals:

1) Ten votes in Parliamentary elections for everyone who works in the media.
2) One vote for the whole of the working class (to be distributed equally among ten trade union leaders).
3) The remaining votes previously allotted to the working class to be distributed equitably between Mr Frank Chapple and Lord George Brown.
4) Two votes each for that one-third of the population which favours remaining in the Common Market, thereby ensuring political balance between this group and the two-thirds (with one vote each) who favour withdrawal.

2 Laurelbank, Dundee

COHSE replies

From E.A.G. Spanswick, General Secretary, COHSE

On 30 January you published a piece by Tim Gopsill concerning the recruitment of staff by APEX in this office. Your readers may wish to judge the piece in the knowledge that there were several outright errors of fact.

> 1. 'In an attempt to pre-empt Trade Union organisations Spanswick had proposed to merge the officers' and staff sections into one.'

It is wholly wrong to say that this was my proposal or that it was aimed at preventing Trade Union organisation. The merger idea came from the officers' negotiating committee, who then discussed the composition of a new joint staff side with the staff's negotiating committee. This was then submitted to the NEC (as the employer) in order to have the constitution of the negotiating machinery appropriately amended. This was completed last summer and the new bargaining arrangements were due to start in March of this year following the Annual General Meeting of the NEC.

> 2. 'In fact, Spanswick did not then know which of his employees were members of COHSE as, in defiance of the Union's rule book, they had not been allowed to form a branch and were effectively disenfranchised from COHSE decision-making.'

This is clearly nonsense. All officers and staff are entitled to be members of the Union, as well as being employed by it. Those who decide to join COHSE (and the numbers increased over this period) have contributions deducted at source by the computer, and the printout shows who and how many they were, and when they joined. Far from 'not being allowed' to form a branch, *no request had ever been received for this to happen,* and so permission could not have been withheld 'in defiance of rules' as is implied. Any loss of franchise in COHSE decision-making arises not from there being no branch but from Rule 5 (v) which makes it clear that employee-members are not eligible for appointment as delegates to regional councils, or Delegate Conference or for election to the NEC.

> 3. '. . . even though Spanswick refused to allow them to do so (recruiting) in office hours and refused to allow APEX staff to meet on the premises.'

The NUJ, also a recognised Union, neither recruited nor held chapel meetings in office hours until after recognition had been formally granted by the NEC. It would have been quite wrong therefore to do otherwise in the case of APEX.

> 4. 'Spanswick's attitude to the recruitment campaign provoked the APEX organiser, Len Gristey, to write to him in October saying . . . (Grunwick)'

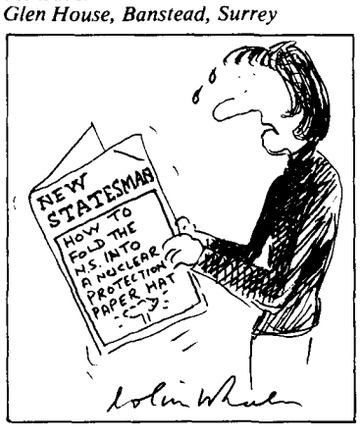
I think you will find Mr Gristey, whom I believe had been misled, takes a rather different view of the situation now. There was no delay in recognition. I took the question and personally recommended recognition to the first possible meeting of the NEC through a sub-committee which met only a matter of weeks after APEX recruiting began. There is therefore no sequential connection, as is implied, between the staff voting against amalgamation (although it had been negotiated by their committee) and the recognition of APEX by the NEC at the end of October.

Furthermore, it is not only our 'claim' that Mr Perry's departure had nothing to do with APEX recruitment. That fact has been accepted both by the NUJ whom he elected to represent him and by his local Representative at a meeting with me on 15 December.

The article further contains a whole host of inaccuracies which I do not have the space to correct. I would, however, point out that the 'no confidence' resolution referred to took place while 'standing orders were suspended'; no full-time officers were present at the time and it appears to have been moved by a delegate without the approval of his branch, and debated without advance notice or any other information being made available.

Mr Gopsill has *never* approached me about the present article in the *New Statesman.* He *did* approach me around Christmas time about other articles which have not apparently stood up to a News Editor's scrutiny. At that time his open hostility led me to question his detachment and impartiality, a view I believe to have been vindicated. Health and labour correspondents know that I always spare time to talk to them. His fundamental allegation that a Trade Union would be guilty of 'Grunwick-style' opposition to the organisation of its employees is an outrageous assault on the truth.

Glen House, Banstead, Surrey



Pay and survive?

From Valerie Jukes

I am amazed at the way in which the *New Statesman* regularly insults the intelligence of its readers by advertising nuclear fall out shelters.

The mass of the proletariat KNOW that there are only two alternatives — one is to whitewash your windows, put a paper bag over your head and retire under a table in the middle of the house. The other (and the one I prefer) is to leap straight into the middle of the mushroom cloud.

1 Brighton Vale, Waterloo, Liverpool

Information wanted

Music from 'Cavalcade': We would like to hear from anyone who has memories or documentary evidence of this music. We are also interested in any important popular songs, or songs from musical comedies, during the period 1900-30.

Brenda Longman, The Redgrave Theatre, Brightwells, Farnham, Surrey

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Godfrey Hodgson looks at the reputation of Walter Lippmann, the American journalist on whom world leaders danced attendance

A Very Influential Person

MORE JOURNALISTS have been ruined by self-importance than by alcohol.

Walter Lippmann did not invent that observation. He borrowed it from an old-timer he had worked with on the *New York World*, a man called Frank Cobb, who, it seems, had plenty of opportunities to wrestle with both temptations. But Lippmann liked to quote Cobb's *mot*, so we must take it that he was aware of the dangers of self-importance. In which case it has to be said that he chose a lifestyle that tested his resistance to the maximum, rather as St Anthony is said to have courted the temptations of the flesh, or as a reformed alcoholic might camp out in a distillery.

It is unlikely that any journalist, anywhere, will ever surpass the sheer 'importance' of the position Lippmann had achieved in Washington by the time of his seventieth birthday in September 1959. A passer-by, astonished by the press of long black limousines outside the Lippmanns' house on Woodley Road, asked a policeman, 'Who's in there?' 'Mister,' said the cop, 'everybody's in there!'

His annual trip to Europe was a royal progress. He would dine in private with Macmillan and De Gaulle, then stay a few days with his old friend Bernard Berenson at I Tatti. 'Saw the usual people,' he noted laconically after one visit to Greece, 'the King, the prime minister, the military strongman. . .' When Kennedy wanted advice on his choice of a Secretary of State, he went to Woodley Road for tea. When the Soviet ambassador inquired whether the great man would change the date of an appointment with Khrushchev, the answer came back scribbled on a card: 'Impossible!'

Not that Lippmann was merely snobbish or boorishly arrogant like his inferior imitators in Washington. It was just that he was a legend, and he knew it. At the height of the American *imperium*, wherever power or glamour or influence lay, it seemed that Lippmann had been there before.

For more than 50 years, he was on anybody's shortlist of the Most Influential People in America. He understood, or at least was willing to expound, everything: philosophy, politics, history, economics. His column, first in the old New York *Herald-Tribune*, then in *Newsweek*, was mandarin in tone, Olympian in its judgments. From *A Preface to Politics* in 1912 to *The Public Philosophy* in 1955, his books were given solemn attention by politicians and diplomats, scholars and philosophers. He was the Sage of Washington, the ultimate mandarin of the American Empire, the moralist of the American Century.

Ronald Steel has chosen his title well. The American Century, like many notions peddled by Henry Luce, turned out to be a little short weight.

BORN INTO a wealthy second-generation German-Jewish family in New York City in 1889, brought up to long tours of Henry James's Europe well before he got to know America, educated at Harvard in the famous Class of '10, Walter Lippmann inherited all the affluences and the promise of the American Century. Of such an admired and dazzling figure, it is not mere iconoclasm to ask: was his reputation justified? How good, in fact, was he at what he did? And of such a representative figure, put forward as he was as one of the archetypal minds of his civilisation, it is not unfair to ask: What did he have to say? What exactly *did* he say?

Ronald Steel is not the kind of biographer whose method is to turn the coal-scuttle upside down over his subject's head. His long, meticulously researched and elegantly written biography was undertaken with the help of Lippmann himself and of his second wife, Helen, before they died. It preserves the rules of courtesy. Yet, with far more deadly effect than a coal-scuttle job would have done, Steel has blown Lippmann's reputation away. For one thing, Steel makes it plain that he doesn't really *like* his subject.

Lippmann, indeed, when Steel has finished with him, is not easy to like. The most spectacular revelation in this book, for example, is that the author of *A Preface to Morals* ran off with his best friend's wife. There is something about Lippmann's coldness, his self-satisfaction, hat drives one to put it as crudely as that. And the closer one looks at what was, in one light, the moving story of his love for Helen Armstrong, the worse it looks. It is plain, for one thing, that Lippmann didn't have the courage to go through with divorcing his first wife and marrying Helen, and had to be pushed into it by her.

Even more sorry is the record of Lippmann's attitude to his own Jewishness. Like many German Jews of his generation in New York, he was appalled by the new mass immigration of Russian and Polish Jews to the Lower East Side of Manhattan; snobbishly appalled, and perhaps secretly terrified of the anti-semitism they might provoke, which would not distinguish between one kind of Jew and another. That is unattractive. Worse was his willingness to blame anti-semitism on the Jews themselves, on their 'bad economic habits', their 'sharp trading and blatant vulgarity'.

But Lippmann went further still. In 1922 he lent his help to the ultra-reactionary president of Harvard, A. Lawrence Lowell, who was trying to introduce a quota to restrict the number of Jews there. Lippmann drew the line at a formal quota, but wrote that 'a concentration of Jews in excess of 15 per cent' was to be avoided, since 'I'd not regard the Jews as innocent victims . . . they hand on . . . from one generation to another many distressing personal and social habits.'

THIS CANNOT be ascribed to mere prostration before the prejudices of the elite he wanted to belong to. In 1933, in a series of columns that ended his long friendship with Felix Frankfurter, Lippmann seemed to defend Nazi anti-semitism and made a self-revealing comparison. It was unfair to judge German civilisation by the Nazis, he wrote, just as it would be unfair to judge Protestantism by the Ku Klux Klan, Catholicism by the Inquisition — 'or the Jews by their parvenus!'

Detached, disinterested, unemotional as he might seem on other issues, including the passionate, cataclysmic issues that threatened war all his lifetime, Lippmann was clearly far from detached or even honest where his own Jewishness and his passionate desire to assimilate as an American were concerned. One friend, Steel records, said she avoided using the word 'Jew' in games of Scrabble for fear of upsetting him.

Lippmann's timidity about Jewish questions was not an isolated facet of his character, unfortunately. In the most conventional way, he started out in life as a muck-raking radical and socialist, only to drift steadily to the Right as the temptations of prosperity in a world of Republican administrations and Republican newspaper publishers prompted. But again, on closer inspection it was a little worse than that. His socialism may have been, as Steel calls it, 'little more than a modish interlude', but it ended with Lippmann volunteering to serve Army intelligence as a propagandist at the very

Walter Lippmann and the American Century by RONALD STEEL *Bodley Head* £8.95

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moment when the Palmer raids and local prosecutors were destroying American socialism.

His callousness or cowardice on issues of human, let alone social, justice was too persistent to be defended as anything but a constituent part of his personality. After the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the 'good shoemaker and poor fish peddler' whose trial on tenuous charges was the great cause of the Twenties, Lippmann surpassed himself by congratulating both sides — the committee which dismissed the appeal, and the defence committee — for doing their duty. Later, Lippmann confessed blandly that he strongly doubted whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty; his doubt apparently did not seem relevant at a time when his expression of it might have saved their lives.

It has been said that courage is the most essential of the virtues, because without it all the others are impossible. That is a hard saying. Still, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Lippmann was exceptionally timorous in precisely the respect in which that failing is most fatal in a person who would guide public opinion: he was consistently deficient in what the Germans call civil courage.

He did not write much about the victims of McCarthyism and not at all about the Rosenbergs. When he was chosen by a committee of fellow journalists to investigate the murder of George Polk, an American reporter killed in mysterious circumstances during the Greek civil war, Lippmann did not question the US government's contention that Communist guerrillas had killed him, even though, says Steel, 'he privately recognised that discrepancies in the evidence pointed damningly towards the Greek government and the CIA.'

WHAT DID HE stand for?

He was given to admiration. It is a trait in journalists that commends them to public figures. Lippmann's admirations were promiscuous. He profoundly admired Charles de Gaulle and also the Republican Wall Street bankers Dwight Morrow and Wendell Willkie. He did not admire Roosevelt; he actually voted for Landon in 1936! He was for Dewey against Truman, Eisenhower against Stevenson. Like many a Washington 'liberal', he preferred conservatives.

He did have, he once said, 'a vision of the Anglo-American future'. It was a deeply conventional vision; that, essentially, of the men he felt most comfortable with, civilised, benevolent bankers and lawyers and diplomats. He had little knowledge of the American hinterland, and less sympathy with either its woes or its hot-eyed anger. He was a cool man, a man of sense and moderation and that kind of judgment that is called good but can often get things so badly wrong.

He was not always wrong. He was right about Nixon from the start. As he watched the Checkers speech on television (a piece of blatant demagoguery about his dog with which Nixon successfully diverted attention from charges of financial corruption), he turned to an English guest and said: 'That must be the most demeaning experience my country has ever had to bear.' He was not blinded by the glitter of Camelot, and was shrewdly critical of Kennedy. He was in general too shrewd, and perhaps also too arrogant, to be guilty of the fawning upon successive administrations which is one of the occupational flaws of Washington journalists.

ABOVE ALL, he was right about Vietnam, and in his dogged campaign against Lyndon Johnson's war he did something, at the end of his life, to redeem the earlier failures of courage. At an age when tranquility must have been tempting, he did stand up for what he believed:

> A mature great power will make measured and limited use of its power. It will eschew the theory of a global and universal duty which not only commits it to unending wars of intervention but intoxicates its thinking with the illusion that it is a crusader for righteousness . . . I am in favour of learning to behave like a great power, of getting rid of the globalism which would not only entangle us everywhere but is based on the totally vain notion that if we do not set the world in order . . . we cannot live in the world safely.

At his best, Lippmann could be as good as that. He could understand the true nature of great conflicts in the world, set out his conclusions with great force, and not be swayed by what others might think about the matter. The trouble is that he was not always, and not even often at his best.

In *Public Opinion,* published in 1922, Lippmann argued that it was 'an intolerable and unworkable fiction that each of us must acquire a competent opinion about public affairs' and therefore that our common interests 'can be managed only by a specialised class'. This was to be one of the most consistent strands in his thought until *The Public Philosophy* in 1955, in which he somewhat feebly suggested that the horrors of the 20th century might be amended by the revival of the medieval tradition of natural law.

He was an elitist, not just in the sense that he belonged to, indeed embodied an elite, but also in the more precise sense that he distrusted mass democracy and believed in the necessity of entrusting power to an elite; one composed, naturally, of men and a few women as far as possible like himself. When he was writing editorials on the *New York World*, James M. Cain once urged him to take a stronger stand about something. 'You may be right,' said Lippmann, 'but God damn it, I'm not going to spend my life writing bugle-calls!'

There is irony in this, however. For the philosopher of elitism, merciless exposer of the waywardness of public opinion, in fact displayed, as Steel put it, 'a remarkable facility for not straying far from the main thrust of public opinion'. That facility, of course, is what is commonly praised as wisdom. And in this, to, Lippmann was representative of the elite that dreamed of, and briefly possessed, and then lost the American Century. Lippmann's America, like Lippmann's mind, was dominated by the brittle self-satisfaction of an elite which openly despised, and secretly feared, economic and political democracy. □

THE ISLE, THE SEA AND THE CROWN
by Philippa Burrell

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Martin Shaw

The national problem

History of the International: World Socialism 1943-68 by JULIUS BRAUNTHAL *Gollancz* £17.50

Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution by STEPHEN F. COHEN *Oxford* £3.95

Marxism-Leninism and Theory of International Relations by V. KUBALKOVA & A. A. CRUICKSHANK *Routledge* £14.75

Few obstacles to socialism are as daunting as the division of the world into nation-states. States which claim to be socialist are as embroiled in national rivalries as all the others, and their conflicts are just as likely to end in war. In the last three years, China has invaded Vietnam, Vietnam conquered Kampuchea, and the USSR occupied Afghanistan. As the centenary of Marx's death approaches, in 1983, one occasionally fears that the Communist superpowers will commemorate it with the ultimate marxist nightmare, a major war between Russia and China.

Neither Marx nor any classical marxist fully grasped the problem of a world split between competing national entities. Up to 1914, many socialists naively believed in the ability of their national parties to act in concert against the war-making of states. The story was well told in the first volume of Julius Braunthal's *History of the International,* a monumental attempt at a general history of world socialism. With the posthumous appearance of its third volume, this is now complete. Unfortunately, as it has progressed Braunthal's work has fallen victim to the very fragmentation and incoherence of the movements it describes. He has been unable to maintain either balance or continuity in his account — a mere seven pages on the Chinese Revolution are immediately followed by no less than 17 on socialism in Israel. The paths of social democracy and Communism have been so opposed, and nowhere more so than in Asia, that it is difficult to accept the assumption of common socialist goals on which Braunthal rests his account. Indeed, many socialists would argue that neither Leonid Brezhnev nor Helmut Schmidt — on Braunthal's criteria both socialist leaders of sorts — have much in common with socialism. But this sort of radical, new left criticism has no place in Braunthal's discussion, which is old-fashionedly fixed on the official parties.

Braunthal's volume is a useful compilation of facts and figures about programmes, leaders and elections for some parties claiming to be socialist. But it must also serve as an example of the way national loyalties divide 'socialism'. For Braunthal Israel is a 'socialist oasis in the Middle East'. He completely overlooks the contradictions involved in building 'settler social democracy' at the expense of the Palestinians. Disturbingly, the Arab countries are not even discussed. As far as international socialism is concerned, this book is ultimately part of the problem rather than of a solution.

One early marxist who did try to understand the nature of inter-state relations was Nikolai Bukharin. For this reason, among many, the reissue of Stephen Cohen's splendid

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biography is very welcome. Bukharin was a theoretical radical among Bolsheviks, and much more than Lenin he was ready to refashion marxism to meet 20th-century challenges. Where Lenin laboriously followed Marx in describing the state as a tool of class oppression, Bukharin saw it also as a means by which one national ruling class competed against others. Where Lenin saw modern capitalism as founded on 19th-century monopoly, Bukharin realised that it was already becoming dominated by the State. During the first world war, Bukharin produced the most prophetic classical account of imperialism, seeing it as a system of economic, political and military rivalry between a number of state-managed national economies.

Bukharin himself became another, profoundly more tragic victim to the 'national' incorporation of socialism. From a critic of militarism he turned first into an advocate of 'socialist war' between revolutionary Russia and capitalist states. His enthusiasm for War Communism — the economic system of the civil war — led him to join with Trotsky in infamous support for the 'militarisation of labour'. Then, as leader of the 'Right' within the Communist Party, he supported the retreat from world revolution to 'socialism in one country'. After apologising for Stalin's regime he was made the main defendant in the Moscow trials, and died at the dictator's hands. His main legacy was a programme of gradual Communist reform, the evolution of which is described very sympathetically by Cohen. Bukharin's ideas, with their emphases on gradual industrialisation and private agriculture, have been echoed by dissident national Communisms throughout the post-war years. Not surprisingly, he has still not been fully rehabilitated in the Soviet Union.

MOST MARXIST accounts of international relations have echoed Lenin rather than Bukharin, putting 'state' and 'imperialism' in separate compartments, and explaining far too much by a narrow range of economic motives, particularly overseas investment. This approach has had the dubious advantage of denying the politically emotive word 'imperialism' any applicability to military interventions by 'socialist' states. It has generated a picture of a world system centred on monolithic, American-dominated 'Western Imperialism' — which has become more and more out of date. Divisions within both East and West, and the rise of states in the Third World with their own aims for expansion, all cry out for new explanations if marxism is to claim any explanatory power in this important field.

One hoped that a volume entitled *Marxism-Leninism and Theory of International Relations* might shed some light on these problems. Unfortunately, as the deadening ideological couple 'Marxism-Leninism' suggests, Kubalkova and Cruickshank have chosen to explore the most barren of 'marxist' roads. This is a long and wordy comparison of official Soviet thought with its pluralistic Western counterparts. Classical marxists such as Bukharin, or Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg with their writings on war, get no mention at all. Even Lenin's *Imperialism* is not properly treated. Contemporary problems, such as wars between 'socialist' countries, conflicts between Third World nations, or the accelerating nuclear arms race, are not even broached.

This then is 'theory' in the worst sense, where the abstractions never seem to lead back to the reality they are supposed to explain. It is difficult to tell whether Marxism-Leninism (to which the authors tentatively incline) or Western international relations theory is the more to blame. The assumption that Marxism-Leninism represents the effective world-view of the Soviet state, rather than an after-the-fact rationalisation for its actions, is never argued out in relation to the historical record of Russian policy. Instead we are invited to peruse a series of diagrams drawn from the speeches of Stalin, Khrushchev and Brezhnev and the writings of Soviet academic commentators.

This bias is a pity, since our authors are at least aware that Marx and Engels had rather different ideas from Stalin and his successors. They correctly identify the gap in Marx's ideas on the problem of international relations. But, tied to the self-conceptions of Soviet socialism, they can never confront the extent to which 'marxism' itself has become identified with national state interests. This surely is a precondition for any movement towards truly international socialism. □

Angeline Goreau

The novelist as alchemist

Stendhal: A Biography by ROBERT ALTER *Allen/Unwin* £8.95

On the evening of 25 October 1829, the idea for a novel came to Stendhal. In the space of a few months he improvised *Le Rouge et le Noir,* one of the most original works of the 19th century. The author of this most remarkable novel was 47, and was well-known as a wit about town, literary dilettante, salon buffoon, and incurable amorist.

Nothing in the haphazard catalogue of work Henri Beyle had hitherto published under a bevy of pseudonyms (Stendhal was one of them) gave any hint that he might be capable of producing a novel of the artistic maturity, sureness of touch and technical innovation that *Le Rouge et le Noir* evinced. Beyle's only other novel, a belated contribution to a thin literary joke that had already gone out of fashion, is flawed and fumbling. This work of fiction came at the end of a long history of failed literary effort that seemed to confirm a pattern of great expectation unfulfilled. At 20, Beyle had copied out into his journal a detailed scheme of the literary projects he intended to make his *oeuvre:* first, he would write a satirical comedy in the manner of Molière, to be followed by a *Hamlet,* an *Othello,* a *Paradise Lost,* an *Art of Love,* a history of the French Revolution, and other works. Characteristically, he had mistaken his route: no novel was included in the list.

For the next 12 years the future Stendhal worried at the comedy that he hoped would make him the new Molière, carrying his work-in-progress on all his travels (even to Moscow with Napoleon's Army), producing reams of notes on scenes and character and a trickle of unsatisfactory dialogue. When he finally managed to free himself from the instrument of self-torture that the play had become, it was only to publish a book on the lives of Haydn, Mozart and the librettist Mestastasio, which had been entirely plagiarised from recently published sources. One long section had been 'borrowed' word-for-word.

Explaining how a supremely magisterial Stendhal emerged from such a history to write *Le Rouge et le Noir* is no mean challenge. Stendhal himself, as Robert Alter points out in this new biography, provides the answer in the vast patchwork of journals, letters, and every kind of jotting, which was his constant occupation. While pursuing his ambition to become a 'great writer' by turning out unhappy imitations of literary models, Stendhal was at the same time practising a rigorous apprenticeship in observing and transcribing, self-scrutinising and self-evaluating. His passion for recording amounted almost to pathology: he detailed his

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intimate life on his suspenders (including how many times he had made love on a given occasion), and noted his own age in code on the inside cuff of his trousers. It was through the tireless sifting of experience that Stendhal finally discovered his voice, and hit upon the vehicle that allowed him to transmute that experience into art.

Stendhal has, however, laid a trap for the unwitting biographer. He is not to be trusted. His love of revelation was balanced by a compulsion to conceal: disguise, posturing, prevarification, *dédoublement* were Stendhal's stock-in-trade. 'I would have wanted to be another', he says in *Souvenirs d'égotisme*. 'I would wear a mask with pleasure, change my name with delight.'

And change his name he did. He adopted more than two hundred pseudonyms in his correspondence, diaries and published work, some as improbable as William Crocodile, Louis-Alexandre César Bombet, or Anastase de Serpière. His own autobiography came out under the title *La Vie de Henri Brulard*. Stendhal begins the narrative by lying about his age, then dodges and twists, mingling fact and fiction with gleeful perversity and meditating on the impossibility of ever really knowing who 'I' is. Stendhal's 'I' was of course multiple, and it is precisely his espousal of divergent points-of-view, his ability to remain both subjective and objective, that led to the discovery of a fresh narrative technique.

Robert Alter is a worthy match for the elusive Mr Beyle. Deftly stepping back and forth in time, attentive to the shifting correspondences of life and work, he shows us 'the material of experience . . . slowly percolating through the alembic of self before it would emerge as art'. Alter is well aware of the temptations that await the biographer in possession of such a fund of autobiographical material. 'One way *not* to explain the persuasiveness of [Stendhal's] characters,' he warns,

> is to seek, as so many critics have done, especially in the case of heroines, 'real-life' models in the history of Henri Beyle. Stendhal's characters pulsate with the inward movements of his own experience, and he does sometimes lend them actual anecdotal fragments of his past, but the vivid individuality with which he endows them is hardly the result of a scissors and paste assemblage from persons remembered and acts performed.

With a novelist's instinct for moments that summarise, Robert Alter traces the complex evolution of the *sensibility* that created *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parme*. In doing so, he explains how Stendhal could portray with such sureness 'the wild veerings of moral character, the multi-layered nature of consciousness, the endlessly deceptive guessing game that men and women are condemned to play in assuming they know each other'.

Stendhal's 'modernity' has attracted a large body of critical consideration, but until recently no major life had been written since Matthew Josephson's appeared in 1946. In the last few years, new biographies by Gita May and Joanna Richardson have been published. Both are competent histories, but Robert Alter's is the first really to come to terms with the material. Mr Alter has given us something more than a biography; he has set about the difficult task of exploring the mysterious circuitry of literary creation itself. In Stendhal he has the ideal subject for such a study. □

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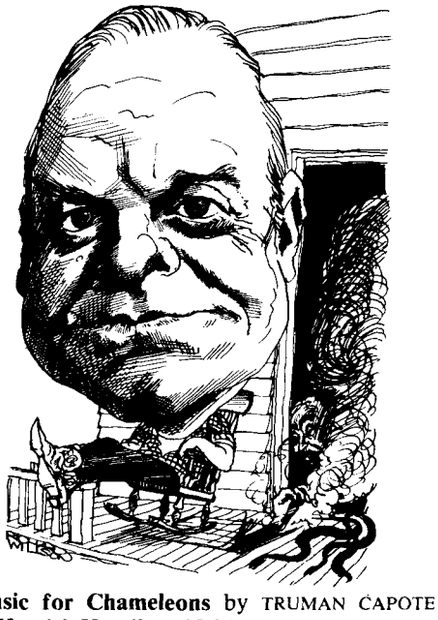

Music for Chameleons by TRUMAN CAPOTE
Hamish Hamilton £7.95

'I'm an alcoholic,' declares an apparently autobiographical 'TC' in the final section of *Music for Chameleons*. 'I'm a drug addict. I'm a homosexual. I'm a genius.' An examiner might be tempted to remark that not more than three should be attempted. Certainly Truman Capote's claims to the fourth, and most considerable, of these titles are only very dubiously advanced by the uneven book in which he allows them to appear.

In some ways, indeed, the tastiest portion of this literary curate's egg is another piece of self-recommendation, the preface in which the author reviews his own career. Loathsomely precocious, the infant Capote was turning out fiction at the tender age of eight. For hours every day, while other kids played or studied, little TC was polishing his art. 'By the time I was seventeen,' he modestly tells us, 'I was an accomplished writer.' What an inspiration to us all. And what a chastening thought it is that some pinnacles of artistic achievement will forever remain his exclusive property.

> My literary tasks kept me fully occupied: my apprenticeship at the altar of technique, craft; the devilish intricacies of paragraphing, punctuation, dialogue placement.

It took the sacrifice of an entire childhood to produce that — the worst crafted celebration of craft ever to emerge from a typewriter.

The real concern of the preface, however, is with genre rather than with style. In 1966 Capote published *In Cold Blood*, the non-fiction novel about the Clutter murders which became the biggest of all his many best-sellers. He now seems to regard it as a decisive contribution to the history of modern literature and (in view of his classic status) is even prepared to be magnanimous to Norman Mailer, the rotter who first sneered at the idea and then pinched it. But magnanimity can only go so far. The time has come to reassert his rights.

At the heart of his new volume lies 'Handcarved Coffins', the heavily hyped documentary novella in which he returns to Midwestern mass-slayings and to 'journalism as an art'. No merely commercial motive, it must be said, inspired this revisiting of old territory, profitable though it has clearly been. Capote felt, quite rightly, that the six-year immersion in the minutiae of rural Kansas which produced *In Cold Blood* had been good for him as a writer, and hoped that the same prescription might work a second time. What's more, there were artistic possibilities deliberately rejected in the earlier book which continued to haunt him. 'Handcarved Coffins' is an opportunity to explore the full potential of the form.

BACK AT base-camp, with the explorer's report delivered, it's hard to conclude that the expedition has been anything but a failure. *In Cold Blood* brought to journalism some of the descriptive, evocative and structural techniques of the modern novel. In return it gave to fiction the resolute anonymity and documentary exactitude of the good newspaperman. In 'Handcarved Coffins' Capote chooses to abandon the anonymity, introducing himself as an active and influential participant in the events which he describes. Fifteen years ago he was a camera. Now he's an attendant lord with strong ambitions to be Prince Hamlet. The result is a belated discovery that anonymity was the indispensable linchpin of his particular brand of nonfictional fiction.

Capote has a high, wide and handsome manner which is perpetually threatened by two things — an incongruous weakness for Deep South Baroque and a broad streak of sentimentality. The impersonality of the earlier book kept both of these in check. The murders remained sordid rather than lurid. The sentiment was legitimately incorporated into the down-home folksiness of the setting. In 'Handcarved Coffins' the crucial safety-catch is off. The result is that the sober agony and sociological thoroughness of *In Cold Blood* give way to grotesque events, grand emotions and superficial snap judgments.

The other pieces which make up *Music for Chameleons* are supposedly written to the same formula, a claim which is true at least in the sense that the short stories tend towards documentary, the interviews tend towards drama, and Mr Capote is insistently present in all of them. The story 'Mojave', an account of marital infidelity among the Manhattan super-rich, seems at first sight to be an exception. But though the hero is superficially quite unlike his creator he proves (oddly) to possess precisely the kind of total-recall which is the non-fiction novelist's stock in trade, and exercises it at improbable length.

Much the best of these shorter pieces, in fact, is 'Dazzle', a vividly imagined account of a small boy in New Orleans who steals his grandmother's necklace in order to bribe a local wise-woman. The heart's desire which he seeks from the witch is the impossible dream of becoming a girl. And in order to attempt it he destroys for ever his relationship with his much loved granny. This, for once, is Truman Capote at his best, speaking from the heart, candid rather than candied. Elsewhere, alas, he seems, as geniuses go, a very modest specimen. □

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Benedict Nightingale reviews Harold Pinter's new play, 'a tale which reaches into heart, gland and bowel'

Not about me, but about us

Family Voices by HAROLD PINTER *Lyttelton*
No End of Blame by HOWARD BARKER *Oxford Playhouse*
The Ticket-of-Leave Man by TOM TAYLOR *Cottesloe*
Say Your Prayers by NICK DARKE *Riverside*

Harold Pinter isn't so prolific with his talent that we can afford to ignore anything he writes, even if it's a 35-minute radio play being given a scattering of 'platform' performances at the National. And actually *Family Voices* is interesting in its own right, not just because it's only his fourth original piece since the work to which it has most obvious stylistic affinity, *Silence,* in 1969. There, the characters sat on chairs, wanly rehearsing the history of their fraught, fragmented relationships. Here, two of them sit and stare ahead, too, this time silhouetted against upright rectangles of stark white light, like doors in limbo; but the tale they tell reaches further and more frankly into heart, gland and bowel. Indeed, its main ancestor would seem to be Pinter's most gruesome masterwork, *The Homecoming.*

You'll probably recall what happened when the dry-bones professor brought his wife from America to his London birthplace to introduce her to his earthier father and brothers. They stole her. In fact, they put her on the game, all with her own level-headed consent. In the grot and pong of North London, in the sweat and aggro of this predatory family, she found her emotional 'home', an escape from the aridity of campus life.

And so it is for the young protagonist of *Family Voices,* whom we watch bubbling ingenuously about his new life while, not five yards away, his mother helps us imagine his old. She remembers how he would go on 'damn good walks' and munch cheese sandwiches with his father, who, unknown to him, has recently died. She hankers sentimentally for a cosy, hygienic *menage à trois,* in which she'll be cooking the meals for her son and his 'nice' young wife. The very tones Peggy Ashcroft brings to the part, curiously serene even when she's upset, emphasise the point. Hers is the kind of bloodless household young men have to leave.

Michael Kitchen, the young man in question, hasn't just done that: he is sequestered, seemingly incommunicado, in an apartment house that must surely be called Pinter Mansions, so familiar is it in its strangeness. The landlady, Mrs Withers, drinks gin, reminisces sottishly about the war, cuddles him, calls him her 'pet'. In another room lives Lady Withers, tantalising him with her *vin rosé,* her playing of Schumann, the effortless grace and elegance of her life-style. On her couch sprawls Jane Withers, a 15 year-old Lolita, sensually stuffing herself with buns and doing sexy things to his thigh with her toes. Upstairs lurks Mr Withers, bald, scrawny and impotently domineering, whose speciality is giving aggressive, incomprehensible advice: 'Keep your weight on all the left feet you can lay your hands on.' Looking at him, Mr Kitchen tells us in one of the play's many striking phrases, is 'like looking into a pit of molten lava'.

The boy puzzles over, but cannot unravel, these people's relationships to each other and to the remaining lodger, a burly, black-haired man named Riley who bursts uninvited into the bathroom and makes menacing verbal passes at him: 'I could crush a slip of a lad such as you to death, the death that is love'. Nor can he work out why no one ever seems to leave the house, nor who comes to visit Lady Withers late at night, nor the reason for the 'whispering in the other rooms', the 'steps on the stairs'.

It is an unsettling, even frightening place, and, for that reason among others, a fulfilling one. It appeals to what's heterosexual in the boy and what's homosexual, what's infantile and what's aesthetically educated, what's masochistic, what's inquisitive, what's thickly, richly bound up in the mess and turmoil of living. There is no reason to suppose he'll become what his mother distractedly accuses him of already being, a 'male prostitute', moral kin to Ruth in *The Homecoming;* but self-discovery, as so often in Pinter, has clearly meant for him the recognition and acceptance of unruly and even ugly impulses. 'Oh mother,' he declares at one climactic point, 'I have found my home, my family. Little did I ever dream I could know such happiness.'

If this cry is part of a continuing letter, as seems to be the case, it is either not sent or not received. His mother gives no sign of hearing him, he remains outwardly oblivious to her increasingly agonised, embittered appeals to him to get in touch, reveal his whereabouts, come home; and this raises an inevitable question. Does the old lady have an objective existence, or is she just a 'family voice', nagging away at the back of her son's mind?

The answer, perhaps, is both at once. She appears to have turned up at the door of the apartment house, and been sent packing by Riley as an intruder and imposter. But in a rather less literal sense she has invaded the Withers household already. She is her son's guilt, his self-accusation and self-flagellation, his fear of rejection: 'I miss you, I gave you birth' . . . 'I pray your life is a torment to you' . . . 'you will be found, my boy, and no mercy will be shown to you' . . . 'I've given you up as a very bad job'. This may be what his mother thinks and feels. It is also the emotional baggage he's doomed to carry wherever he goes.

Towards the play's end the sepulchral voice of Mark Dignam, growling from the blackness between the two chairs, bolsters this impression. He is the dead father, at once affectionate and accusing, chipper and baleful: 'lots of love, son, keep up the good work' . . . 'it is you who prayed for my death, from time immemorial'. Mr Kitchen sits there, promising to 'come back to you mother, to hold you in my arms', but making no move at all. Dame Peggy slumps beside him, glowering unhappily. Mr Dignam reverberates from the grave, his son's subconscious, or both at once. And, just out of sight, we can imagine the Withers clan, that sinister mix of human spiders, lizards and venus flytraps, smiling and beckoning at their guest and victim. It is, we feel, a situation that will never essentially change. It is also one many will recognise as subliminally true. There, in the irresoluble tension between an overbearing past and an alluring, glutinous present, is the experience of rather more than the boy-hero of a 35-minute playlet.

HOWARD BARKER's Bela, alias Vera of the *Daily Something-or-Other,* is based on our own Vicky, a refugee from Stalinism who regards cartoons as 'the lowest form of art and the most important', because it is 'not about me, like great art, but about us'. Kevin Costello brings a brooding single-mindedness to the character; there are some striking scenes, notably one in which Bela is benignly, sympathetically grilled by his colleagues at the Writers' and Artists' Union in Moscow, a piece of half-willing censorship we're presumably to compare with his much rougher, more arbitrary treatment by the British in wartime; and Gerald Scarfe's back-

Paul Binding

After the homecoming

The boys come down from the mountains;
Their eyes chime like the bells on their sheep.
In the homely sunset of the village square,
Girls, braided with violets,
Stand linked in a chain of welcome.

Older women have baked apples and honey-cakes,
Fathers will proudly pour from seasoned casks
The sweet, red prelude to amorous coincidence,
And old men fashion memories into salutatory epics
Of eagles averted from prelapsarian flocks.

The musicians tune up; some themselves veterans
Of high pastures, others through their dexterity
Honorary warriors against hawk and wolf.
Soon their *kolos* and *horas* will create stirrings
Beneath leather breeches and voluminous skirts.

But one boy, whose only complimentary name is Fiddler,
Hears behind his triumph of social music
The tune to which no wholesome feet can ever dance —
His violin slithers, eel-like, between shrinking stars
With himself clutching at the strings, possessed by Silence.

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projections do some splendidly convoluted things with monster beetles, birds of prey, and other inmates of the political bestiary. And yet I left Nicolas Kent's production with a slight emptiness of the stomach, perhaps because Bela's inner turbulence hadn't been thoroughly enough investigated, perhaps because we'd been bundled too briskly and unreflectingly across the decades, perhaps because the ending seemed implausibly 'positive'. Better, surely, to let the irreconcilable contradictions of Bela's working life destroy him, as they would many a sensitive person and perhaps did Vicky himself. Instead, Barker rescues him from suicide, plumps him into the madhouse, introduces a socially-conscious doctor to remind him of his responsibilities, and leaves him calling for a pencil. Nice, very nice; but rather obviously the result of good intentions and wishful thinking.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man is a reminder that 19th-century melodrama, though apt to shrink good and evil into numbingly conventional versions of virtue and vice, had a power to grab and hold we could use today. Tom Taylor was a friend of Dickens; and the debt shows in the bustle of his plot, in the verve and abundance of his London life, in the sentimentality with which he handles his principals, and, not least, in his social responsibility, in this case a conviction that discrimination against released prisoners was thrusting them back into crime.

I admired its imaginative scope, as I did that of Nick Darke's *Prayers*, which includes among its characters St Paul, a right-wing American evangelist, and a dehydrated frog, presumably representing spiritually deprived humanity. Its inference, that Paul was a fanatically misogynistic organisation-man whose legacy consists of low-church fascists and rumpled, ineffective Anglican vicars, does (however) seem a bit unfair. What of Archbishop Romero, for one? And where's the evidence that the early Christians put paid to a sexually liberated, life-loving Mediterranean humanism? Provocative, this play, and ably acted; but callow. □

ART

John Spurling

Standing still

Edward Hopper *Hayward*

'Perhaps the premier 20th century realist,' says Matthew Baigell's *Dictionary of American Art*. Realism is, of course, a broad Church and if you were to compare Edward Hopper with, say, Picasso or Pollock, I suppose that he might seem to qualify. But not if you look at him in isolation and in quantity. Only on the crudest level, at a passing glance, can the world depicted in his paintings be said to correspond to the appearance of the real world, and this for a very simple reason: the real world is constantly in motion. Not only are people and objects of all kinds, large and small, obviously moving about, but there are shifts of light, changes of atmosphere, currents of air and the coming and going of our own attention to be taken into account. Beyond that there is the density of things, the sense of layers, the contrast of transparency and opaqueness, of near and far, which give a kind of movement in depth to even the stillest scene.

None of this appears in Hopper's paintings, which are rigid and frozen like De Chirico's, though not at all to the same effect. De Chirico makes one think of drama and the Unconscious, Hopper on the contrary of something consciously and artificially arranged, the still from a movie, the set for a play, the image for a poster.

Ian Jeffrey, writing in the catalogue for the Hayward exhibition — a selection from the recent Whitney Museum exhibition in New York — quotes Hopper's well-known remark that 'what I wanted to do was to paint sunlight on the side of a house', and suggests that 'light is at the heart of his project — light in relation to sentience'. But this notion of the importance of Hopper's light, much echoed by other critics, seems as much beside the point as to call him a realist. Of course he uses light, uses it very obviously, with heavy shadow, but only as the director of a movie, a play or a TV commercial uses it, because it's part of the equipment essential to his effect. That effect is an insistent, almost ideological, solidity.

It's possible to interpret Hopper's concentration on immovability and impenetrability in two ways: either that he was a ham-fisted painter who couldn't manage to depict convincingly anything that moved, breathed or wasn't heavily lit; or that, for reasons of his own, he didn't want things moving, breathing, etc. when he was around.

Detail from 'Carolina Morning' (1956)

There is evidence for the first view in the series of Impressionist paintings Hopper made during his visits to Paris in 1907 and 1909. After the thickly painted, hard-edged, brown interiors which immediately precede them, these are effusions of colour and air, yet considering that they are so openly and whole-heartedly impressionist, they fall very short on those Impressionist *sine qua nons*, movement and atmosphere. One feels the relief with which Hopper turns from unruly nature, in the shape of foliage, water or cloud, to solid, controllable, man-made objects such as barges, quays or buildings. When he attempts a thundercloud over the Louvre, the cloud is actually geometrical, its straight sides rather poorly disguised by white frills.

On the other hand, the series of self-portraits done between 1903 and 1906, dramatically lit in semi-profile, so as to lose one eye in darkness, unquestionably depict a sentient being and even emphasise the uncertainty of his inner life. Indeed the later portraits too — of himself, his wife and his mother — retain, unlike the other paintings of his maturity, this living, improvisatory quality.

SO THE TRUTH perhaps lies between the two views. In the intimacy of his drawings — for they have a nervous energy quite absent from the paintings — or of portraits of himself and his nearest and dearest, Hopper could relax his guard and admit contingency and fluidity, but for the rest it was a question of the world dancing — or rather being prevented from dancing — entirely to his tune; and I would guess, judging from the series of remarkably inert oil studies of a rocky seashore which he did in Maine between 1916 and 1919, that he really was incapable of painting the world beyond himself in any other way.

Which is not to say that he didn't make a virtue of necessity. The mature paintings — those done after 1924, when he married, gave up his practice as a commercial artist and became famous and successful — are often charged with feeling, though it is the distinctly uneasy feeling of an obsessive need to dominate the material and to exclude everything which cannot be dominated. There is no litter in Hopper's streets, no dust on his carpets; when he paints a dark wood, as in *Stairway* or *Seven A.M.* it is a vague blot without detail, setting off by contrast the clarity and organisation of the buildings over against it. Hopper's doll-like, mask-faced figures, his glutinous paint, his foursquare, horizontal/vertical compositional devices, even his buxom sun-loving girls framed in doorways, all have overtones of Soviet Realism. But Hopper needed no Stalin, he carried his tyranny inside him.

Some of the drawings show him moving his puppets and props around so as to arrive at the most satisfactory image. A man in the foreground of a hotel lobby becomes a girl reading, the secretary in *Office at Night* shifts from side to side and eventually acquires a boss seated at a desk, the pump-attendant at the filling-station in *Gas* straightens up from the far side of the pump and acquires a head.

The image that finally emerges is one of complete stasis. These are not momentary views of a lit interior or a row of shops which you catch as your train or car speeds by, as several commentators have fancied, but something more like shop-window displays or waxwork tableaux. They are going to be there, looking exactly the same, when your train goes past again eight hours later. Like the well-set houses, the barns, the lighthouses and the landscapes, whose ridges are hard and sculptured but whose grass is blurred without giving any sense of wind, the figures and their furniture defy time, change and weather. This, in spite of the fact that so many of the paintings have temporal titles — *Carolina Morning, High Noon, Summertime,* etc. — and that sunsets are rife. Times and seasons are under the same strict discipline as everything else in Hopper's paintings; in fact they no longer belong to the real world but are transposed into a mood, which the artist throws over his carefully arranged scene by, as it were, putting coloured gels in his spotlights.

Thus *Hotel Lobby* is suffused in melancholy blue, *Nighthawks* in a sharp combination of

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green and yellow, *Dawn before Gettysburg* again in blue, *New York Movie* in orange-pink, a kind of jaded lushness, warm and enervating (no wonder the usherette is dozing on her feet), and so on. There is a famous painting in this show called *East Wind Over Weehawken,* which depicts part of a street of houses, monumentalised with the help of light and shadow, but whose only hint of wind is a certain greyness in the colour. Irony or incompetence? Neither precisely; something more like the refusal of a very proud and rigid man ever again to tangle with a fleeting impression after his humiliating encounter with the Louvre thundercloud. □

FILMS

John Coleman

Box and cocks

Raging Bull (X) *Classics, Haymarket and Chelsea; Studio, Oxford Street; Gate, Notting Hill; Screen on the Hill*
Prostitute (X) *Screen on the Green; Cinecenta*

Denied a circuit release over here out of God knows what combination of pusillanimity, pussyfooting and pig-ignorance, hailed in the States as a masterpiece and hot contender for Oscars, further notorious as a black-and-white item in its director's campaign against the instability of modern colour stock, Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* hardly arrives in London unannounced. Nothing, however, had prepared one for the enigma that it is. All the evidence — including his own ghosted autobiography — shows its protagonist Jake La Motta, one-time world middleweight boxing champion, to have been a right bastard, a killer in the ring and a foul-mouthed bully outside it. To impersonate this unprepossessing oaf, Scorsese's favourite actor Robert De Niro became literally a glutton for punishment, putting on some 60 lb. of flab. Watching his La Motta physically deteriorate between the years 1941 and 1964 is an awe-inspiring experience, and likely to be a one-off in cinema history. (A mean voice whispers we may yet witness the first Academy Award for Forced Feeding.) But De Niro is, of course, more than the sum of his swelling, bloated parts and what he gives here is certainly a performance as well, in its awful, dumb stillnesses before unbridled violence, in the painful precision of its self-pity, in the boozy crumminess of the later years, when the champ's occupation's gone and he tells cheap jokes into a mike.

Scorsese is on record as loathing the fight game and this is a 'boxing' movie like no other. Memories of biopics like *The Great White Hope* or *Somebody Up There Likes Me,* of such fictional films as *Body and Soul, The Set Up* or *Rocky,* barely infiltrate it. Blood sprays sickeningly over spectators, denying enjoyment, and there is very little actual ring stuff (for all the vaunted professional advice tendered by La Motta himself, rescued from a bouncer's job, during the making, gloves smash and smash again into undefended faces Hollywood-style, calculated to make real pugilists swallow their gum-shields laughing — so much for authenticity here). There *are* bits of key-fights, with Cerdan, with Sugar Ray Robinson, and even a scrap of retrieved commentary on one. It is simply that the focus of attention seems always to be somewhere else. Even when the bad guys appear, at the Copacabana, at the dim little Debonair Social Club, and La Motta is forced to become their man to get his chance at the title, the stress is less on the fixing than on a fatal flaw in their would-be property's make-up. The rage that consumes this bull is sexual jealousy. And the peculiarly haunting, shifting power of Scorsese's movie — a matter of oddly selected fragments, with colour appearing only and significantly in some inserts of home-movies — quite turns on this obsession. The gangsters are there, one feels, because La Motta suspects them, as he is even to suspect his angry, devoted brother Joey (superb Joe Pesci), of screwing his missus.

This harshly attractive second wife, Vickie (Cathy Moriarty), is a kind of dream figure, 15 when first encountered, and the sort of wish-fulfilment blonde made to torment a street-wise Italo-American. Or so the film, scripted by Paul Schrader as well as Mardik Martin (whose boxing contributions are said to have been trimmed), eerily encourages one to believe. This lady is shady in that she is never seen doing anything out-rightly erotic with another man and yet one is left rather to share La Motta's insane, sore-tooth doubts. Even brother Joey is enlisted to *protect* these fears by protecting Vickie, in a vicious, long-drawn-out night club brawl. And somehow life drains out of things, though there are brilliantly lively and edgy moments, because of a central incoherence, a failure to come to grips with what *Raging Bull* might have been about. Instead, a potent and finally cloying sentimentality, which has its roots in De Niro/La Motta's twisted machismo and its endorsement in a liberal use of the easily elegiac music of Mascagni, bleeds through the gritty images like tears, an undefined grief. This is Scorsese's strangest creation to date.

TONY GARNETT's *Prostitute* is well-intentioned, haphazard, extremely entertaining. A first feature from someone better known as a producer with a social conscience, it splits its attentions between an amiable Birmingham whore, Sandra (Eleanor Forsythe), who takes off for a disillusioning experience of London, and the flat-sharing social worker chum, Louise (Kate Crutchley), she leaves behind to rally support for a new deal for prostitutes. There is some properly unpleasant material on view, notably a morning visit on Sandra by blackmailing fuzz, but it is the often savagely funny business that is more likely to grab notice, if the guffawing mob I saw it with out at the Screen on the Green the other day is representative. Some languid Chelsea-ites are caught to the drawling life, the not-so-subtle class-gradations of tarts are nicely established, lots that is fresh and bold on screen happens. One wishes for once the affair could catch a larger, TV cross-section, to see who salutes. □

William S. Milne

The totally defeated

When all the chips
from all the shoulders
are swept together in Heaven
they exactly equal
the number of the dead.
This is one of God's mercies —
that the totally defeated
should not cry out at once
he herds them in one by one
and one by one he shuts them up.

TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

As for the sex . . .

A THIN week on the box allows space to congratulate Mr Stuart Bartholemew of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, for his letter in the current *Radio Times* about *The History Man.* Commenting on the much-praised sense of nine-year-old period in Christopher Hampton's adaptation (one of my sourer colleagues thought it the 'best costume drama' he'd ever watched), Mr Bartholemew notes that the 'K' registration of Howard Kirk's minivan does indeed refer to the correct year, 1972, in which the novel was set. But *in that case,* Old Lynx-Eyes of Wirksworth continues, with a killer thrust, 'How to account for the premature onset of rust and liberal use of body-filler?'

How indeed? As long as British TV has viewers like this, it will be kept on its toes. And what a nice change from all those other letters complaining about the soft flurry of bare breasts unleashed on us in the course of *The History Man.* I suspect that part of this anti-porn wail was subconsciously a protest about something else — namely the horrible success of horrible Howard Kirk's own body-filling activities with a queue of attractive women. 'Don't strip for *him'* becomes readily transmuted into 'Don't strip for *us'.*

This column, of course, has always believed that breasts are on the side of life; though the company sharing this particular barricade is inclined to get a bit po-faced. Consider Michael Wearing, producer of *THM* and author of this beleaguered para in the *Radio Times:*

> As for the sex, there have been letters, some pornographic, from those who can only see dirt where ironic counterpoint, character and story development were invariably present. Kirk's comprehensive challenge to a traditional view of all the issues needed to be seen, whether in the bedroom or the boardroom. I would not have countenanced, nor would artistes of the calibre we needed have allowed, such scenes without total conviction as to their centrality.

Yes, yes, yes; of course he's right. I suppose. And it was all real, and true, and justifiable. My only lingering cavil is not censorial but practical: I don't imagine I was the only viewer who found that when Mr Wearing's high-calibre artistes were grinding their breasts into that nasty little moustachioed mush, it became really quite hard to concentrate on the accompanying dialogue in which Howard was presumably expounding his comprehensive challenge to a traditional view of all the issues. Whose ironic counterpoints were *you* staring at?

Beloved Enemy (BBC-1) felt a rather short *Play for Today,* weighing in at under an hour

Among this week's contributors:

GODFREY HODGSON's *All Things to All Men,* a study of the American presidency, was published by Weidenfeld last autumn.

MARTIN SHAW lectures in sociology at Hull University. His pamphlet *Socialism Against War: Remaking a Tradition* is to be published shortly by Spokesman Books.

ANGELINE GOREAU is the author of *Reconstructing Aphra: A Social Biography of Aphra Behn,* published by OUP.

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and a half. Perhaps this was authorial modesty on the part of David Leland; or perhaps it was because the actors spoke their lines incredibly quickly. Most of them were representing dauntingly on-the-ball industrialists who were prepared to barter semi-secret British laser technology to Moscow for the right to set up a cheapo tyre plant in Russia: strike-haunted Western profitmongers, we learned, see the place as 'an employer's dream'.

Given that it's normally the Left who are charged with chummying traitorously up to the Russian bear (and the Kabul tank), it was refreshing to have the charge turned for once against the multinational Right. Even so, *Beloved Enemy* didn't exactly make a play out of what might profitably have stayed a book (Charles Levinson's *Vodka Cola*). There were too many implausible sections where villainous capitalist bastards over-helpfully explained their villainy and lack of conscience to their interlocutors; indulging at the same time in so much energetic pacing up and down that you thought they must be preparing for the next *Sunday Times* jog-in. Graham Crowden made a marvellous treacly Sir Peter (the smooth-tongued chief VCB), and the occasional line rang out well — 'Don't let's stir sleeping dogs, or we may find ourselves with some very sticky balls in the air.' But you couldn't help wondering why, when the energy of the theme was documentary and investigatory, it was thought desirable to turn it into a play, with all the wider focus this necessitates.

The capitalist *South Bank Show* (LWT), meanwhile, announced the results of its Arvon/*Observer* £5,000 poem award. Ted Hughes, Seamus Heaney and Charles Causley (with Philip Larkin's absence cannily prominent) sat around exuding shabby earnestness and making extremely general and unquarrelsome comments on some of the semi-finalists. Judges of poetry competitions, if this lot were anything to go by, shy away furiously from anything so basic (and giveaway) as technique: most of their talk was on the level of 'This one gave me a nice warm furry feeling inside, what about you?'

The subsequent studio discussion, on wider poetic topics, proved even more soporific. I couldn't tell whether a torpid Melvyn Bragg had actually been stunned into sleep, or whether he half-suspected that nobody could be *quite* so boring as Hughes and Heaney (Causley had also nodded off by now) without secretly being a bit interesting. Anyway, congratulations on his five grand to the *NS*'s poetry reviewer, Andrew Motion, who got away with merely reading his poem and didn't have to tell the puzzled judges what it was about. □

Weekend competition

No 2656 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Mills and Boon (publishers of romantic fiction) are spending half a million to sell their wares on TV 'just like baked beans'. Why can't other publishers do the same? Let's have scripts of up to 100 words for TV commercials that will sell Beckett, Shaw, Lawrence or any other 20th-century writer. (Incidentally, you don't have to stick to baked beans.) By 6 March.

No 2653 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Sixteen lines of verse beginning 'How pleasant to know Mrs T'.

Report **By Al Fresco**

Another bulging bag (with an encouragingly high percentage of first-time entrants — keep it up). Peter Alexander was one of the handful who followed Lear's original:

> How pleasant to know Mrs T,
> Who has spoken such volumes of guff;
> Some think her mind noble and free
> But more think her ruthless and tough.

Others, such as Jimmie Pearse, made cunning use of spelling and punctuation:

> Ow ! Pleasant to know? *Mrs T?*
> You've got to be joking, sez me!
> If she were to show up at my place I'd throw up.
> 'How pleasant to' — No, Mrs T!

Hon menshes, of the reward-in-heaven type, to Chris Preston, Bill Greenwell, V. Ernest Cox, Peter Peterson and Ursula Wadey. Three quid each to Alexander and Pearse, and nine apiece to the winners.

> How pleasant to know Mrs T —
> But not in the biblical sense;
> The love that she offers, you see,
> Is in the conditional tense.
> Unless you show vigour and drive,
> Or prove you've the means to expand,
> The enterprise cannot survive
> The rigorous thrust she has planned.
> The Lady is iron, they say —
> Lacking warmth she can't cosset or pet,
> So either you have it her way
> Or else be condemned as a wet.
> Positions are known in advance,
> To change them will make matters worse;
> So grope not, dear friends, you've no chance
> Of getting your hands on her purse.
>
> TIM HOPKINS

> How pleasant to know Mrs T,
> Who started out life as Miss R.
> She had humble beginnings, like me,
> But since then she has come pretty far.
>
> Less pleasant to know Mr F,
> Yes, he who does nothing but rail
> In a voice that can shatter the deaf
> From Devonport to Ebbw Vale.
>
> And pointless to know Mr S,
> The man whom all effort enfeebles.
> His ambition? Well, better not guess.
> His achievement? Just Roxburgh and Peebles.
>
> So how pleasant to know Mrs T
> (Let us now sing the National Anthem).
> She's the best thing that's happened to me,
> *To England, Wales, Scotland and Grantham.*
>
> TONY JOSEPH

> 'How pleasant to know Mrs T!'
> Who has landed us all in the shit
> To a really fantastic degree,
> And enjoys Murdoch's Tories-and-Tit.
>
> Some think she's not much of a Sister
> And her hair looks unnaturally bright;
> She has tunnel vision — a vista
> Of gloomy and glorious night!
>
> She has friends too, both AC and DC,
> One theory no one can explain;
> She quotes Francis, the one from Assisi,
> And has money supply on the brain.
>
> She's certainly, too, index-linked; you're
> The sufferer — she'll never be!
> While Denis is testing a tincture,
> How pleasant to know Mrs T!
>
> GAVIN EWART

Tony Miles

Chess

No 218 **Women's candidates semifinals**

With the men's candidates final attracting all the publicity it is easy to overlook the startling results of the women's matches. As usual, the later stages have been an all-Russian affair. In the two semi-finals Alexandria met Litinskaya and the former world champion Gaprindashvili took on the teenager Ioseliani.

In both cases the more experienced players Alexandria and Gaprindashvili started as favourites. In the first Alexandria quickly took a 2½/½ lead in the ten game match. The fourth was drawn but then Litinskaya suddenly took over with three wins in a row. The eight and ninth were drawn so Litinskaya needed only to avoid defeat in the tenth to go through However, at the eleventh hour Alexandria pulled herself together to equalise. Her opponent never recovered and lost both the first two games of extra time and with them the match.

The other encounter was no less dramatic. Gaprindashvili won the second game but Ioseliani the sixth. Then the former champion tok the seventh and eighth seemingly settling the argument. Remarkably her young adversary bounced back to take the last two games and so this match too went into extra time. Two sets of two games were to be played and in the event of all being drawn Ioseliani would go through by virtue of her extra win with black. The first two were indeed drawn and so was the third but in the final game Gaprindashvili at last broke through her opponent's defences. She won first an exchange, then a pawn, then another, leaving her with two rooks and three pawns against rook, knight and one. But the one pawn was annoying and Ioseliani kept finding resources. Astonishingly, the vastly experienced Gaprindashvili cracked. First she returned the exchange and then mishandled the rook ending. After a marathon 90 move battle she was forced to concede the draw and the match.

So the eighteen year old Ioseliani will meet Alexandria in the final, and considering their encounter in the interzonal, she must start as favourite. Should she win and the world championship start before Chiburdanidze's twentieth birthday, there will be the first all teenage championship match! Not only that but the champion, both finalists and the former champion all come from the same town of Tblisi in Georgia!

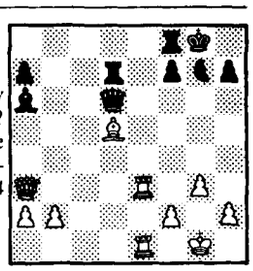
Whoever else qualifies will face a stern task as can be seen from this week's game where the reigning champion annihilates a top class GM.

White: M. Chiburdanidze **Black: V. Tukmakov**

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, P-Q4, PxP; 4. NxP, N-KB3; 5. N-QB3, P-QR3; 6. B-N5, P-K3; 7. P-B4, Q-B2; 8. Q-B3, P-N4; 9. 0-0-0, P-N5; 10. P-K5, B-N2; 11. Q-R3, PxP; 12. PxP, QxP; 13. BxN, QxB; 14. N(3)-N5! B-B4; 15. NxP! RPxN; 16. BxPch, N-B3; 17. BxNch, BxB; 18. N-B7ch, K-B1; 19. NxR, Q-B5ch; 20. K-N1, Q-N1; 21. KR-B1, B-K2; 22. Q-K6, resigns.

Problem 218

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to met at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 4 March.



Solution to problem 216

1. RxP! QxR; 2. BxPch, K-R1; 3. QxQ, RxRch; 4. K-B2, RxB; 5. Q-R5! R-Q7ch; 6. K-K1! winning a rook and the game.

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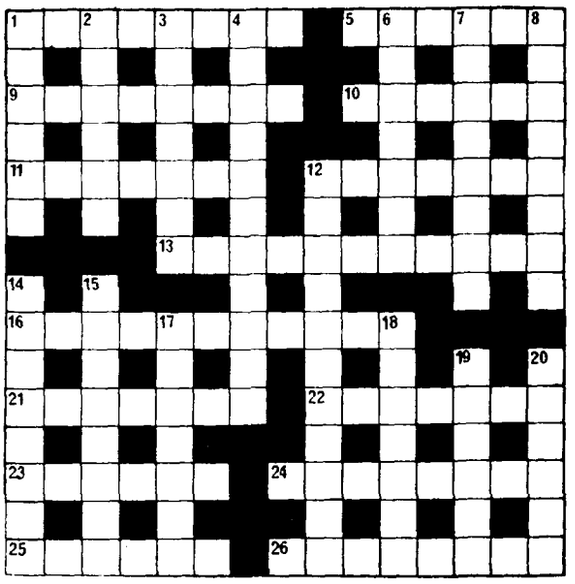
Weekend Crossword 1374

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1374, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 3 March.



ACROSS

1 Has an accident with a tool, being slovenly (8)
5 Package resulting from confederacy with the French (6)
9 Journeys in which our spouses embrace us (8)
10 Spells of writing after holiday places (6)
11 Casters order this woman (7)
12 Pretend to fight before the line as a bird (7)
13 Old tribunal gives a caution after stiffness (4,7)
16 David makes a little bit of money with all the contestants (11)
21 Roused everyone in dire confusion (7)
22 Poison which is nicer as concocted (7)
23 Arctic feature seen in the middle of attractive headgear (6)
24 Bring about a reduction in the vermin I miserably endure (8)
25 That which may make one dry (6)
26 Make rough when sap runs on a tree freely (8)

DOWN

1 It goes underground but takes a motor vehicle up on the road (6)
2 Little photographs in groups (6)
3 Insects which look good in a different dress (7)
4 Lout given food without measure, although having too many workers (11)
6 Where to get up quietly in front of an unfinished dish (7)
7 Tell of seed being scattered around bed (8)
8 Direction in which the tread was moving (8)
12 Ministers who appear in an unknown constellation (11)
14 The deficiency to damage a town (8)
15 If not observed the rascal has to feel (8)
17 Record speed for a state? (7)
18 Notwithstanding a strip of land in the river (7)
19 Affection with which girl embraces soldier (6)
20 Plan for me to join a woman without starting cohabitation (6)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1372

C	O	B	B	L	E			G	I	B	B	E	T
H	O	A	M		T	T	R	I				
O	R	L	A	N	D	O		R	E	A	D	I	E	R
I	O	D	N		A	L	G	A				
C	A	G	E	S		D	A	I	R	Y	M	A	I	D
E	N	C	A	N				N	E			
	C	A	N	A	R	Y	I	S	L	A	N	D	S	
			P	M		P	N					
	T	I	B	E	T	O	L	O	G	I	S	T	S	
S	N			R	T		M	A	S			
C	A	S	H	E	W	N	U	T		A	P	P	L	E
A	I	A	I		I		T	I		V		
R	I	G	H	T	E	N		N	O	I	S	O	M	E
A	H	E	G		G	O		C	R			
B	O	T	A	N	Y			I	N	N	A	T	E	

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HAMPSTEAD AUTHOR (no wheels) suddenly unattached, am just as embarrassed in advertising in this column as you may be in replying. Makes me feel I've nowhere else to go. Painful but true, alas. Desirous of female company, no MCP stipulation other than sprightly mind. Box 644.

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RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, usual sources inc. London Library. Also booksearches. 01-997 0748.

RESEARCHER would like to interview former members of the Armed Forces, who fought alongside the Partisans in Northern Italy, during the period 1943-45. Box 640.

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RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

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This project, financed by the Leverhulme Trust, will study the influence of employee representatives on the control of pension funds. It will be concerned with the factors determining the extent of employee influence, but will include assessment of the impact of participation on the economic performance of the funds.

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Applicants should be well qualified in economics, with some experience in industrial relations, industrial sociology or a related field, and show knowledge of the issues involved in industrial democracy. They should be prepared to collaborate on related work with colleagues from other disciplines. The initial appointment will be on the Research and Analogous Staff Scale IA/II, £8,845-£9,980.

Applications, including c.v. and the names of 3 referees to:
Tom Schuller, Research Director
CRIDP **Closing Date: 16 March 1981**
Adam Smith Building **In reply please quote**
Glasgow University, GLASGOW G12 8RT **Ref. No. 4794**

Confederation of Health Service Employees

COHSE

Legal Officer

Salary scale £7,590-£8,301
plus London Weighting £528

COHSE is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Service staffs with 215,000 members.

We need a solicitor or barrister to be responsible for the work of the union's small but busy Legal Department at our Head Office in Banstead, Surrey (thirty minutes' journey from London's Victoria Station).

The Department's work is wide-ranging and includes helping full-time and lay union officers to deal with the legal problems of members, assisting with the processing of applications for union legal aid, liaising with the union's appointed firms of solicitors, providing briefing material for the National Executive Committee and Officers and contributing to union education. The Department works closely with the union's other specialist departments – e.g. research, education, editorial.

We are looking for a qualified lawyer with work experience in all or some of the following areas:
general employment law (unfair dismissal, etc)
social security law; personal injury work

The person would also need to have some administrative experience and be capable of organising the work of the Department. Interest in and commitment to the trade union movement essential.

Applications in writing, including C.V. to the General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH by Monday 16 March 1981.

Britain's Health Service Union

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Due to the expansion of CND we need two more full time workers in the office.

Publications/Press Relations Officer

We need a second worker in this field. Work involves editorial, PRO, promotional, secretarial, organisational and general office skills. Precise job description is to be determined on appointment. Applicants should have a knowledge of and commitment to the disarmament movement, and relevant experience and/or training in magazine and book production. Experience in the other areas mentioned above is a distinct advantage.

Organiser

We need a second organiser. The work includes liaising with CND groups, and also specialist sections (e.g. Trade Union CND, Christian CND, Youth etc.). This involves compiling newsletters, speaking at meetings, and giving advice and support to campaigners. There is quite a lot of travelling in the job, and meetings in the evenings and weekends. Some of the work, keeping files and writing minutes etc. is routine office work. Applicants should have campaigning experience and a reasonable knowledge of the disarmament movement.

The salary for both jobs is at present £4,500 but is under negotiation. Send applications to **'Appointments', CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4.** Applications should include a curriculum vitae and a statement of reasons for wishing to work for CND.
Closing date: **28 February.**

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Duties: ●Provide and improve communications between the office and the membership. ●Co-ordinate repairs and assist at allocations meetings. ●Participate in negotiations with the Council, development of policy and publicity/information work. Applicants should have housing experience and be prepared to develop a specialisation in one of the above areas. Some work outside office hours required.
Salary £7,228 p.a.

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Job description/further details from:

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Write for further details and an application form to:

The Director, OUTSET, 30 Craven Street, London WC2 5BR

Completed application forms must arrive by **9 March 1981**

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Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from:

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to whom application should be made before **16 March.**

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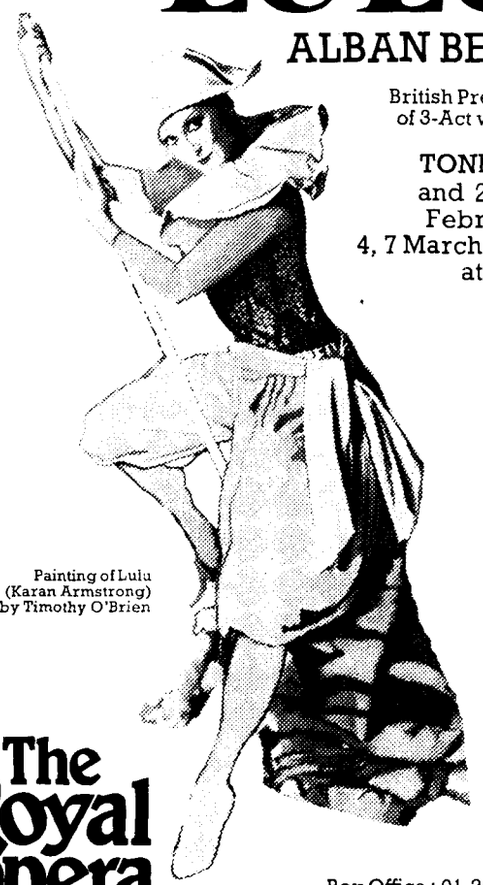

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